Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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PREPAREDNESS A POLITICAL ISSUE

BY THE EDITOR

Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.—Matthew VII, 20.

"THIS has been a proud and solemn year for the American Navy," wrote the Secretary of the Navy in his annual report to the President at the close of 1914. "It"—meaning presumably the Navy, not the year—"has shown that it knows how to bear itself under fire, *how to obey orders,* how to maintain the honorable traditions of the service. Allow me, Mr. President, to congratulate you as its Commander in Chief upon the record it has made, upon its *preparedness for duty,* upon the reliance you can place upon it in any time of national need."

The Secretary had previously expatiated eloquently upon the "remarkable demonstration" of efficiency "when the orders *to Mexico* were given." The "gray fighters" were ready, the "giant ships slipped swiftly seaward," tons of coal had already "been gotten aboard the grim steel fighters," one "giant ship" alone had taken aboard "huge quantities" of supplies and was "tugging at her anchor all in a bare twelve hours"—all of which went to show that "The Navy is always ready; it *lives in a state of preparedness.*"

When thus exultantly the Secretary celebrated the glorious triumph of his command over the Mexican navy he had held his high office nearly two years. Presumably he knew—surely he should have known—what he was writing about.

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Let us assume, with mental reservations, that he did, and then let us examine the results of the past fifteen months of his administration. The facts appear in the testimony of the many officers before the House Naval Committee.

Rear Admiral Knight, President of the War College, declared bluntly that "the present fleet is but 50 per cent. efficient because of the shortage of men, battle cruisers and scout ships." "For years," he added, "the navy has been gasping for breath in the matter of men. When a new ship goes into commission it is necessary to strip some other ships and break up organizations."

Admiral Fletcher, commanding the Atlantic fleet, in a letter addressed to the Naval Committee only one month after the Secretary congratulated the Commander in Chief, directed attention to "an alarming shortage of officers and men," aggregating 339 officers and 5,219 men, and last month testified that only fifteen of his twenty-one battleships were on active duty, three of the others lacking officers and men and the remaining three being laid up for repairs. Of the fifteen, however, the Secretary complacently informed the Senate that "when the fleet sailed for Guantanamo on the sixth of this month (January) every vessel, including destroyers, was filled," despite the fact that the complement prescribed by the Bureau of Navigation was short 510 coal-passers, 67 machinists' mates, 48 quartermasters, 32 gunners' mates, 32 boatswains' mates, 62 electricians and 60 yeomen.

When the *Eitel* interned in Hampton Roads, demand was made upon the Navy Department for a battleship to enforce neutrality laws and, when at the expiration of thirty-six hours the old *Alabama* started laboriously from Philadelphia for the Capes, the Secretary declared unctuously that "this is but an indication of the readiness of the reserve battleships for active duty and shows what may be expected." The facts, as set forth by Mr. Henry Reuterdahl, are these:

> After combing the Philadelphia yard, robbing other ships in reserve of their already depleted complements, enough men were scratched together at least to maintain steam and keep the engines going. There were no organized gun crews, no perfected fire control, and no efficient trainers or pointers for the turrets; in fact, the ship had not fired her guns for three years. Only a few rounds of heavy ammunition lay in the magazines, with nothing for the sec-

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ondary battery. Arriving at the Roads, fifty rounds of 6-inch projectiles were borrowed from somewhere and the twelve-knot *Alabama* stood ready to keep the twenty-knot liner "put." To make the farce more complete, a submarine, the *D-3*, was added. She could not fire her torpedoes, and, for military purposes, was as useless as a toy boat.

"As far as submarines are concerned," said the Secretary in his report for 1914, "it is believed that ours are on a par with any in the world." And again in 1915: "Especial attention has been given to the submarine question; already much progress has been made." How much progress is indicated by the testimony before the Naval Committee.

Referring to a proposed mobilization of submarines at Hampton Roads, Commander Stirling, Chief of the Atlantic flotilla, said in December, 1914: "When we got down there the Admiral wanted to know what we could do. I told him we then had only one submarine that I thought could efficiently take part in the maneuvers at sea off the coast." Whereupon Commander Stirling was deposed.

A year later Admiral Grant was asked:

"How many submarines have we built?"

"Thirty."

"How many on either coast are fit for service?"

"Five."

Admiral Fletcher corroborated this assertion in these words: "The condition of the submarine flotilla has been very unsatisfactory. Only ten were available for the war problems. At times not more than five submarines were ready for duty. Due to untrained crews, some of the five were not ready to undertake submerged work." Several could not fire their torpedoes and all but one had machinery casualties.

Admiral Grant testified that when he directed attention to the lamentable condition of affairs the Secretary remarked placidly that he "did not believe Congress would give the money" required to speed up construction, and "the subject was dropped."

Admiral Strauss, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, informed the Committee that his estimates had been cut by the Secretary, without consultation, $11,819,475, including $7,860,475 for ammunition, $1,274,000 for anti-aircraft guns (a clean sweep, in spite of the lessons of the European war) and $2,485,000 for torpedoes and appliances. Admiral

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Strauss wanted $3,285,000 to equip the older armored ships with torpedoes of greater range and to fit out new scout cruisers and certain armored cruisers. The Secretary knocked off 75 per cent. of the amount. Subsequently, however, he sought an emergency appropriation, " part of the sum (amount not mentioned) for the furnishing of anti-aircraft guns," but " largely for labor," since it was " highly desirable to avoid a large layoff of workmen "—on the eve of a National election.

An appropriation of $1,000,000 for naval aeroplanes was made more than a year ago, but none as yet has been delivered, although in the meantime nearly five hundred have been built for the Allies. Captain Bristol, head of the aviation corps, testified incidentally that his total estimate had been cut from $13,000,000 to $2,000,000.

According to the General Board: " The Navy is very deficient in gunboats. Though the Navy list gives 30 names under gunboats, only a very limited number of these 30 are in condition to be available for service. Some . . . . are old boats of little value, taken over from Spain, of from 400 to 250 tons or less. Of the others . . . . no gunboats have been authorized since 1902."

The construction of Battleships 43 and 44 was authorized on March 3rd, 1915, but the plans were not approved by the Secretary until September 9th and not until December 28th was the building allotted to the Brooklyn and Mare Island navy yards, the bids of private concerns having been rejected because they called for $8,068,100 each, or $268,100 more than the Secretary was " authorized to expend." Writing to the Committee on February 9th, 1916, the Secretary admitted that " necessary delay " would be caused by the need of extending the slip at Mare Island, but estimated that the Brooklyn yard could complete its work in thirty-six months, as against the thirty-four months allotted to the private bidders. It happens, however, that there is only one building slip at the Brooklyn yard and that is occupied by the *California,* now in process of construction, so that, as testified by Admiral Stanford, " it will probably be a year before the keel of the new ship can be laid." The chronology of Battleship 43, consequently, if all goes well, will be approximately as follows: Authorized, March 3rd, 1915; plans approved, September 9th, 1915; construction authorized, December 28th, 1915; construction begun, Janu-

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ary, 1917; ship completed, January, 1920—five years, less two months, from the date of authorization. The time of completion of Battleship 44 at the unequipped Mare Island yard is wholly conjectural.

After trying in vain to obtain from the Department official records of target practice, Representative Augustus P. Gardner introduced a resolution in Congress requesting the Secretary to furnish the information, submitting simultaneously detailed reports of the work of each ship aggregating only 90 hits out of 826 shots fired—the poorest showing by far ever known. The Secretary declined to confirm or dispute the tabulation upon the ground that other Powers would thus be apprized of "the amount of danger to be expected upon encountering any of these vessels" and that consequently it would be "incompatible with the public interest to make any further statement regarding the scores." That he would have been only too glad to confound his indefatigable critic if the records had furnished a basis for so doing is a fair assumption. In point of fact, Mr. Gardner's figures are known to be substantially accurate, and the present avowed determination of the Secretary's friend who heads the Committee is, not to prove their falsity, but to punish the person who divulged them.

Further evidences of deterioration adduced from the testimonies and statements of commanding officers might be set forth practically without limit, but it suffices to say that all are in accord and of like tenor, succinctly summarized by Admiral Fletcher, Commander in Chief, in his annual report dated August 15th, in these words:

> In brief, the principal weaknesses and requirements of the fleet are as follows:
>
> Shortage of officers.
>
> Shortage of men.
>
> Lack of fast armored ships and fast light cruisers.
>
> Limitations of mobility and seagoing qualities of submarines.
>
> Lack of air-craft.
>
> Lack of radio direction finders.
>
> Too frequent overhaul of battleships.
>
> Necessity of maintaining full complements in active ships of the fleet.
>
> Need of additional mining and sweeping vessels.
>
> Desirability of mobilizing ships in reserve annually with active fleet.
>
> Need of battle target practise at long ranges.

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Necessity for increased facilities at fleet rendezvous.

Provision for division commanders for mining division and auxiliary division.

Provision for more speed in design of fighting craft intended to operate with the fleet.

Need of anti-air-craft guns.

The Admiral's full report presented the fleet's deficiencies in detail and, conformably to custom, should have been issued to the officers of the fleet. By order of the Secretary, however, it was suppressed, only a meagre summary being allowed circulation. Within a fortnight after the report was submitted the Secretary reviewed the fleet from his flagship off Boston and imperishably recorded the event in his annual report in this grandiloquent phrasing:

Another imposing review of the Atlantic Fleet took place—affording an opportunity for the chief executives of the several States . . . to personally familiarize themselves with the navy as it is —so that they might be in a position to make known to their own people *the high state of efficiency in which the navy is now maintained.*

Passing over the familiar assertions of Admiral Fiske and others to the effect that five years would be required "to bring our navy up to the standard of efficiency of one of the great European navies" and of President Knight of the War College that "war is one thing for which no arrangement is made," the Secretary having lost the carefully prepared plans, we find in Appendix B of the Secretary's report for 1914 under the heading "Active fleet to be in full commission at all times in training for war:"

21 Battleships. 35 Destroyers. 28 Submarines.
+ tenders, tugs, hospital ships, etc., aggregating 126.

Whereas, to-day—and this we have upon the highest expert authority—the *actual efficient fighting force* consists of:

15 Battleships with full complement of officers and men.
18 Destroyers + 5 now on neutrality duty.
17 Aeroplanes all assembled at Florida.
+ tenders, tugs, hospital ships, etc.
No submarines in full condition.
No airships and no aeronautical corps.
No serviceable cruisers.
No General Staff.

So much for Present Preparedness under a Pottering Pacifist Politician.

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Of the Secretary's programme, now in Committee of the House, it suffices to say that Admiral Badger left no doubt in the minds of the committee that it was not the work of the General Board. He said the board had drawn up a plan in no way reflecting its ideas as to the needs of the navy, but in response to " an arbitrary order," instructing the board to give its views on a building plan limited to an expenditure of $100,000,000 a year for five years. Even this plan was rejected and an entirely different one was substituted for it by the Secretary, he added. He also declared that the Administration's five year programme will fall far short of keeping the United States in second place among the navies of the world. He characterized the plan as finally recommended by the Secretary as " an eight year completion programme," it being no advance over the custom of authorizing two capital ships a year.

"This last statement," the press report continues, "came as a surprise to many members of the committee and is likely to be the subject of much comment in Congress. It seems to lend support to the contentions of several of the big navy men that the Administration programme consists chiefly of promises and not actual provisions for battleships."

Admiral Badger testified further that the Secretary changed a report of the General Board by eliminating a recommendation for the addition of above 17,000 men to the personnel. The Secretary himself had told the committee previously that he " could not recall that the Board had made any report on the question of personnel."

His programme is not a programme, it is a sham, designed expressely to serve a present political purpose while carrying the burden of expenditure forward to future years.

Here we would gladly leave the distressing record of incompetency and duplicity but for the fact—which cannot be ignored upon the eve of an election which must determine the continuance or the discontinuance of the present Secretary of the Navy in authority—that the appalling impairment of efficiency of our first line of defense is directly traceable to the ignorance, favoritism and vindictiveness of its so-called head. That he ought never to have been appointed is now recognized by all except, unhappily, the President himself who, we assume, continues to consult him " in intimate fashion."

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We have already sketched the romantic early career of our First Lord of the Admiralty, but the full story of his arbitrary and shamefully unjust acts, designed to discredit faithful officers, which have resulted in the partial demoralization and the utter disheartenment of the service remains to be told. It suffices the present purpose to instance two examples of suppression and deceit, one of which was hinted at most reluctantly by Admiral Badger. When the Secretary of the Navy reported officially to the President, the Congress and the people, in December, 1914, that the Navy was in a state of full preparedness, he was not speaking out of his abundance of ignorance; he deliberately distorted the truth. Not once but many times, both orally and in writing, his senior adviser, Rear Admiral Fiske, since demoted, had placed before him the facts to the contrary which have since been elicited by the Naval Committee and established by preponderance of testimony. Simultaneously, moreover, he refused to publish the report of the General Board unless its recommendation of a large increase in personnel were eliminated. This having been done with great reluctance, in consequence of the Board's desire to put the other portions of its statement before the public, the Secretary brazenly quoted the emasculated report in support of his assertion that "by wisely utilizing the present enlisted personnel all ships of the classes named can be maintained in full commission without addition to the present enlistment and therefore no legislation is needed." The net result of this subterfuge is a decrease in battleships with full complement from 21 to 15.

In December, 1915, after having suppressed the July report of the General Board, the Secretary repeated the deception of the previous year by publishing another report which omitted important recommendations and represented the views of the Board only partially and therefore both inadequately and inaccurately. He also took to himself special credit for having, for the first time, actually increased the estimates of the General Board when, as a matter of fact, he had limited "by arbitrary order" the amount which the Board should propose,—a total, needless to say, much smaller than it had originally advised. Hence the term "a daniels," now familiar throughout the Navy as synonymous with a shorter and, if conceivable, an uglier word.

It is a matter of common knowledge that a General Staff

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is as essential to a modern navy as a brain is to civilized man. Every great foreign Power has such a staff. That the United States has none is due to the persistent opposition of the Secretary, doubtless upon the theory stated by him to Representative Hobson, when that gentleman proposed to make a Chief of Naval Operations a statutory officer, that if such a law were enacted he "might as well go home." For the same reason he abolished the efficient "Aid System," under whose operation the inexcusable loss of lives on submarines could not have taken place.

There for the present we shall leave the Secretary of the Navy, drearily hoping and faithfully promising to ignore other phases, no less savory, of his maladministration unless finally confronted by the dread certainty that—

A vote for Wilson is a vote for Daniels.

In view of the Administration's frank avowal of intent to find "a Western lawyer" to succeed Mr. Garrison, the appointment of Mr. Newton D. Baker as Secretary of War may properly be attributed less to considerations of fitness than of politics. From that standpoint it must be pronounced admirable. Mr. Baker has demonstrated a marked aptitude for public service as administrator of the affairs of a sizable municipality, is deservedly popular and hails from a section of the country hitherto unrecognized by the Administration. As a disciple of the late Tom Johnson and an earnest advocate of Government Ownership, moreover, he will find the company of Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Burleson notably congenial. Although by his own candid admission wholly unconversant with military matters, his conceded ability and excellent record presage painstaking and satisfactory performance of his specific duties.

While intimating that he has given only passing attention to the various plans which have been suggested for increasing the army, the new Secretary quite naturally and properly avoids the possibility of friction, such as arose between his predecessor and the Commander in Chief, by announcing that his views coincide with those of the President, meaning, we infer, the opinions now held, whatever they may be, as contrasted with those originally declared. This is, of course, as it should be and, in any case, of little moment since the passing of the problem from the Department to Congress.

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The chief significance of Mr. Baker's appointment is to be found in his attitude towards Preparedness in a broad sense. While refusing to commit himself beyond the general statement that he has " always been a peace advocate " and is now for " peace-at-almost-any-price," he has long been recognized as an ardent pacifist opposed to agitation in favor of stronger defenses. Upon this quite vital point Mr. William B. Brewster, Field Secretary of the National Security League, sheds brilliant illumination in the following uncontradicted statement:

I organized twenty-five States for the National Security League, and visited twenty-two or twenty-three cities for the Mayor's Committee on that question.

I called on Newton D. Baker in the latter part of July, he then being Mayor of Cleveland. He was the first Mayor I had called on in starting the organization work of the League. I asked him to co-operate in organizing the sentiment of preparedness in Cleveland.

He refused absolutely to co-operate, because he said he was a pacifist, and was opposed to the agitation for preparedness. He considered the movement based on hysteria, and that it was a manufactured war scare.

I protested, and indicated to him that it did not proceed from any species of hysteria, but was based on calm practical impulses of thoughtful citizens who had investigated the condition of our defenses and were determined to conduct a campaign of education throughout the country looking to the strengthening of these defenses.

He thought the movement might tend to arouse a militarist spirit. I explained it was not militarism in any sense, but was organized patriotism, and the whole spirit of America was vigorously opposed to the militarist spirit and that we were only endeavoring to organize sentiment for preparedness against war.

He refused positively to have anything to do with the movement, reasserting emphatically his entire opposition to any agitation on the subject of national defense.

Of all the Mayors I interviewed, Mr. Baker was the most pronounced opponent of preparedness.

The difficulty of reconciling this position to that of the President avowed so forcibly and urgently in his recent Western speeches is apparent. We can surmise but two explanations. Either the President does not regard the attitude of the Secretary of War with respect to Preparedness as important or necessarily coincident with his own, or he himself has reverted to his determination declared to Con-

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gress in December, 1914, to the effect that, not having been "negligent of defense," "we shall not alter our attitude toward it because some among us are nervous and excited." In any case, the selection of Mr. Baker, of whose views the President must have been apprized in his conference with him while touring the West, for Secretary of War, of all positions, is strangely dissonant with his sharp and "very solemn" warning to the farmers that they could "not afford to postpone this thing"—Preparedness—for the very powerful reasons that "we are daily treading among the most intricate dangers," that "new circumstances have arisen which make it necessary for America to defend herself," that "I do not know what a single day may bring forth" and that it ought not to be possible for "the world to say that the flag of the United States which we love can be stained with impunity."

Simultaneously with the appointment of a Secretary of War opposed to even so much as mere discussion of Preparedness, Chairman Hay presented to the House of Representatives his bill for strengthening national defense through enlargement of the militia of the various States,—a method which has proved wholly ineffectual under the existing Dick Act. "The Committee," he reported, "has no doubt of the constitutional authority of Congress to provide for the discipline, organization, training, and pay of the militia as is set forth in the bill accompanying this report. The framers of the Constitution evidently intended that the militia provided for in that instrument should be a national force and never had any doubt that Congress had full power to make it so."

Without attempting to cite a specific provision of the Constitution conferring upon Congress the power to federalize the militia, Mr. Hay classifies all those, including Mr. Garrison, Mr. Stimson, General Wood and the President himself, who have pronounced valueless "forty-eight little armies commanded by forty-eight different Generals and trained in forty-eight different ways," as "well-meaning but superficial persons." He also ignores completely the clauses restricting the power of Congress to call forth the militia "to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions" and explicitly "reserving to the States respectively the appointment of the officers and the training

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of the militia," referred to by the President in his New York speech as constituting an insuperable barrier to putting the National Guard at the disposal of the nation. He "has no doubt," but he suggests no way. When the bill shall have passed, therefore, the President will be confronted by the necessity of either sanctioning a measure which he considers ineffectual or vetoing it, in fulfilment of his written pledge to Mr. Garrison.

The whole question continues to be one of sincerity,—not merely of the President as indicated by his break with Mr. Garrison, his retention of Mr. Daniels, his appointment of Mr. Baker and his yielding to Mr. Hay, but of the Democratic Congress which also must face a verdict at the polls in November. Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, sometime Second Assistant, speaks in his newspaper of "a theory advanced to me by someone quite close to the President, that he does not really desire the success of his preparedness programme, but hopes for its defeat, in order to spike the guns of the extreme militarists and to prevent the Republicans from charging him with lack of any desire to spring to the rescue of our alleged endangered country," but, despite the disquieting evidences noted, we can hardly suspect that existing political exigencies seem so alarming as to impel Mr. Wilson to follow so tortuous a course. We prefer greatly to believe that, finding himself at the mercy of an obdurate and not over-friendly Congress, he submits to the necessity of working along the only line that promises even a modicum of practical results. As to Congress itself, there seems to be little, if any, doubt of the purpose of the majority of that body to accord just so much—and no whit more—by way of military enlargement as may prove measurably satisfying to Public Opinion,—and this grudgingly and with less heed to actual efficacy than to the votes of militia politicians.

This much we regard as certain: When the Honorable Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, officially and triumphantly ushered the Honorable Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, into the office recently vacated by Lindley M. Garrison, one issue of the coming campaign was fixed definitely and irrevocably, to wit:

Real Preparedness vs. *False Economy.*

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CONGRESS AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

DIPLOMACY by Town Meeting is not commendable. Neither, in a republic, is diplomacy by a dictator. We shall probably not have, nor be seriously threatened by, either of these extremes. Yet the mention of them serves as a profitable reminder of certain tendencies and potentialities in our governmental system which at times cause some uncertainty and disagreement as to the authoritative conduct of foreign affairs.

The Constitution, after more than a century and a quarter, is still on trial. Or at least it still stands in need of interpretation; which is much the same thing. That is one of the circumstances attendant upon a written constitution. With an unwritten one, as in England, there is no such trouble. An interpretation may be made any day by simple act of Parliament; if indeed any is ever needed. But in the case of a written one, after it is written the question is bound to arise, What does it mean? John Jay and John Marshall began answering that question, more than a century ago; and other Supreme Court Justices have answered it many times since. But there are some phases of that question, of transcendent interest, which have not been and cannot well be brought before the court for adjudication or interpretation.

It is the theory of the Constitution that the powers and duties of government are divided and apportioned among the three grand branches, the Executive, the Legislative and the Judicial; and that is in general quite true. Yet, particularly between the Executive and the Legislative, there are various overlappings and interlockings and even potential conflicts of authority, which strongly suggest the desirability of a more distinct understanding.

It is the theory of the Constitution that the Executive is to conduct the foreign affairs of the nation. The President receives and appoints envoys and makes treaties. Thus he determines and directs the foreign policy of the nation. But he does not do so absolutely and alone. He may receive such envoys as he will from other lands, but he cannot appoint any without Senatorial assent. He may negotiate such treaties as he pleases, but they cannot be ratified without Senatorial assent. To that extent the Senate is a participant in the conduct of foreign relations.

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We might add that in one respect the House of Representatives is also a participant. Frequently treaties require appropriations of money for their fulfilment, and these must be voted, if at all, by the House of Representatives. Now, there is no method of coercing that body, and it is therefore evident that it could, if it so wished, defeat a treaty by refusing the pecuniary means necessary for its execution.

Again, Congress alone, the two Houses in concurrent action, can declare war. The President cannot. Yet the President can commit acts of war, or acts which give cause for war; and can thus force the hand of Congress into declaring war or recognizing the existence of war which, through the President's provocations, has been declared against us by another country. When war is declared, moreover, it must be waged by the President as Commander in Chief of the army and navy. Congress must declare war but cannot wage it. The President cannot declare it but must wage it. In some contingency, then, it is conceivable that the President might refuse to wage a war which Congress had declared, or might wage it in far different fashion from that desired by Congress.

All this suggests the strong need of a close understanding and co-operation between the President and Congress in foreign affairs, even to the extent of something almost resembling one feature of the British system. Such an approximation has just occurred. The President practically asked of Congress, and happily received, a vote of confidence. Theoretically our Executive is not dependent upon the confidence and support of a majority in Congress, as is an English Ministry. Yet it is at times obviously of immense advantage to him, in the conduct of foreign negotiations, to be backed up by a strong Congressional majority; so that a request for such a vote is not inappropriate. Of course if such a vote when asked for were to be refused, the situation would be exceedingly awkward and embarrassing. The President and Cabinet would not be required to resign, as in England, but their authority in the eyes of the outside world would be enormously compromised and impaired.

We shall not expect to see any attempt at specific legislation, decision or decree, declaring when a President shall seek the expressed support of Congress in foreign affairs. But we must earnestly hope for a laying aside of factional spirit and partisanship in Congress in all considerations of

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foreign affairs, and for the cultivation of close and confidential relations between Congress and the President. We should not expect nor wish the President to relinquish to Congress or to the Senate the making of a treaty, as Polk did in the Oregon case. But it would be well for him to keep so closely in touch with the Senate as to know before negotiating it whether a proposed treaty would meet the approval of that body. It would also be well for Congress to recognize his initiative in all foreign negotiations and policies, and therefore to refrain from passing any bills or resolutions of any kind which might interfere with the progress and success of his dealings with other nations.

Congress cannot, in fact, conduct diplomatic negotiations. It must leave that to the President. But it would be unspeakably foolish for Congress to pass any acts which would affect our foreign relations in such a way as to embarrass the President. It should back the President up as heartily in his transactions with other nations as it would expect him to back up its declaration of war. And it should recognize his initiative in diplomacy just as completely as he recognizes its initiative in the declaring of war. We would not have the President a dictator in foreign relations. We would not have him abdicate his constitutional prerogative in favor of a Congressional Town Meeting. But between those two extremes we would have the President determine and direct our foreign policy, cordially and loyally supported by Congress without regard to party.

THE SPIRIT OF ALIEN FACTION

We shall not regard it as ominous, but refuse to accept it as an omen; we shall not consider it menacing, for we have confidence in America's ability to overcome it without danger serious enough to cause alarm: but it certainly is disappointing and discreditable to have revived in this country at large, and in the Government at Washington, the spirit of alien faction. Extreme partisanship on purely domestic issues is regrettable and injurious. But it is immeasurably worse to have the lines of party demarcation drawn according to foreign issues, and to have American lawmakers and administrators fighting each other for the sake of the interests of alien lands.

This is a return to one of the most unworthy chapters

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of our early history. It was a chapter in four parts; a progressive quadruplicity of evil. The first part was not seriously pernicious. It consisted of the alien—chiefly French—incitements to rebellion; which did not by any means have a decisive effect upon our course, and were chiefly significant as rousing in some American minds expectations of alien help which were not realized. The second part was worse. It comprised the operations of Gerard, the first French Minister to this country, in meddling with the affairs of Congress and striving to direct our civil and military policy. It aimed at persuading the United States to forswear independence and to be forever content with a French protectorate.

From this second part there was swift and easy progress to the third and still greater evil. This was the organized and persistent attempt of aliens to subsidize and otherwise corrupt and control Congress and the American Government generally. As early as 1775, indeed, Bonvouloir had boasted concerning Americans, "I can do what I please with them." Luzerne, the second French Minister to America, devoted his attention very largely to corruption. He subsidized newspapers, and bribed members of Congress. Durand has declared that Luzerne paid Thomas Paine a subsidy of $1,000 a year while the latter was secretary of the Congressional Committee on Foreign Affairs. That may be a libel upon Paine. But Luzerne himself openly boasted that he had, in 1781, secured the election of Robert R. Livingston to the foreign secretaryship. We cannot believe that Livingston was privy to Luzerne's work, but it is not unlikely that the French diplomat's boast was true. Of course it is well known that the French Government exerted all its force to secure the appointment of John Jay instead of John Adams as peace commissioner, vainly imagining that Jay, because of his Huguenot descent, would favor France in the negotiations and indeed be a pliant tool in the hands of Vergennes. In that the French intriguers were defeated, but they afterward influenced Congress to appoint four colleagues to act with Adams, of whom two served.

It was with these and similar things still vivid in memory that one evening long after the war, sitting in Jay's house at Bedford, Gouverneur Morris remarked, "Jay, what a lot of damned scoundrels we had in that second Congress!" "Yes," responded Jay, "that we had!"

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The fourth and worst part of all was the division of Congress into two factions, "Pro-Gallican" and "Anti-Gallican," or "Gallican" and "Anglican." Such factions existed and were perniciously active in 1779, in the debates over the prospective terms of peace; the "Anti-Gallicans" demanding American rights in the North Atlantic fisheries, and the "Pro-Gallicans" opposing that demand. The fact that the fisheries question remained unsettled for a century and a quarter, to the great disturbance of our relations, was to be ascribed primarily to that prevalence of faction in the days of our peace-making at the end of the Revolution.

All through the Confederation, and through Washington's Administration, alien factions raged in Congress and more than once or twice imperiled the integrity of the nation. That spirit strove to prevent that proclamation of neutrality by Washington which marked an epoch in international relations. It encouraged the mad extravagances of Genet. It so compromised the dignity and the unity of the United States in the eyes of other nations as to induce the steadily growing aggressions of European belligerents upon our commercial and other rights. The commanding personality of Washington restrained it in a measure. But with the accession of Adams the last restraint was removed, and factionalism, of alien inspiration, for alien purposes and advantage, raged unchecked to a degree never known before or since; until our own time.

It was hoped, after the Federalist *débâcle,* that faction of that type would never again be known in this republic. Now it must be sadly confessed that that hope was vain. We do not say that faction has gone as far in the twentieth century as it did in the closing years of the eighteenth. But we do say that it displays precisely the same positively pernicious and potentially mischievous spirit. Now, as then, American national lawmakers are shaping their course with chief regard not to the welfare of America but to the advantage of a foreign nation. Now, as then, the President of the United States is being attacked because he refuses to shape his policy according to the dictates of an alien Power. It is an evil thing. It will not bring disaster, because the American nation as a whole is too sane and strong to permit it to pass the danger line. But no reproof, no condemnation, can be too severe for those who are responsible for it.

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The alien lobbyist, who seeks to influence the action of American legislators, is not the worst figure in the scene. Him we can deal with summarily, as we have already dealt with several of his kind. But the American citizen, Senator or Representative in Congress, who listens to him and is captured by his blandishments or his bribes,—he it is who presents the most discreditable spectacle and the most difficult problem. But even he is not beyond the reach of effective rebuke and punishment. We misinterpret the temper of the American people if the coming campaign does not make alien faction odious and establish the principle that all American political parties, whatever their number and their names, shall indeed be American parties. There must be no room for alien propaganda on American soil.

"It is impossible," said Monroe, "that the allied Powers should extend their political system to any part of either [American] continent without endangering our peace and happiness." We have hitherto effectively prevented European Powers from extending their system, in physical form, to Mexico and Venezuela. The present task is to prevent them from extending it, in spirit, to the District of Columbia itself.

SEE STRAIGHT AND THINK STRAIGHT

See straight. Think straight. Then, in consequence as a matter of course, act straight. These are the urgent needs of the time, for the Government; and in this country, as we so often boast and too often fail to realize and to practice, the Government means the whole people. Never, probably, in all our history have these needs been greater than they now are. That is partly because of the transcendent importance of the issues confronting us. It is also partly because of the exceptional and unprecedented efforts which are being persistently made to befog those issues and to mislead the popular and the official mind.

Those efforts, it must be confessed with humiliation, have secured a considerable measure of success. Many people are thinking along zigzags and serpentines instead of straight lines. They are the victims of plausible and ingenious misrepresentations, addressed shrewdly to their prejudices, their predilections or their selfish interests. In consequence they insist upon the most illogical and impos-

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sible conclusions; and esteem themselves vastly aggrieved by a simple statement of the truth.

A noteworthy recent example of such error was presented in the monster petition which was laid before Congress by an organization of women. Congress was asked to prohibit the further exportation of munitions of war because —among other reasons—Germany, at the request of our Government, had prohibited the sale of arms to Spain during our war with that country. Now that involved two direct falsehoods. One was that our Government asked Germany to stop the sale of arms; the truth being that no such request was ever made. The other was, that Germany forbade the export of arms; the truth being that she did not forbid it. We might add that a third falsehood was implied, namely, that Germans sold no arms to Spain during that war; the truth being that they did sell arms and munitions to Spain freely all through that war.

When exception was taken to these misrepresentations, the sponsors for the petition protested bitterly against the correction as a gross injustice to them, and they referred to the Autobiography of Mr. Andrew D. White, who was then our Ambassador to Germany, as authority for their statement. But that work contained no such statement as that which they had made. Instead, it referred to a single incident, which, as more fully explained by Mr. White afterward, was as follows: Hearing that a Spanish steamer was about to sail from a German port with a cargo of munitions, Mr. White asked the German authorities to have her departure delayed until she could be searched to his satisfaction to prove that she was in no way violating neutrality by being fitted out as a warship or commerce destroyer. The authorities complied; the vessel was held for a few hours and examined; and then was permitted to proceed with her contraband cargo. That was all. Upon that incident, seen with distorted vision and considered by distorted minds, the whole fiction of a German embargo on arms at our request was built up. And the explicit declaration of Mr. White, that he never asked for an embargo, that there never was one, and that warlike supplies were freely shipped from Germany to Spain all through that war; and the explicit declaration of the present Secretary of State, that no such request for an embargo was ever made of Germany by our

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Government—all these count for nothing to the propagandists of the fiction.

The controversy over the carrying of defensive arms on merchantmen is another case in point. Some seek to condemn such equipment as though it were something new, while the fact is that it is an old practice, sanctioned by immemorial usage and recognition. Others, on the other hand, admitting that it is an old practice, demand that it now be abandoned, because Germany has begun using submarine boats upon which the fire of even those small guns would be fatal. That is to say, they demand that the rules of the game be radically altered while the game is in progress. They demand that the rules of war, and international law, be changed in the midst of the war, just because Germany is pursuing a new style of warfare to which the established rules are disadvantageous.

Similarly illogical was the demand for an embargo on arms, when it was made before the fiction of a German embargo in 1898 was invented. The free sale of arms had been an invariable principle of our Government from its earliest years, and had been practised at the beginning of this war. To these thinkers of crooked thoughts it seemed proper that we should arbitrarily reverse our policy, in the midst of the war, because continuance in it would be to the disadvantage of one of the belligerents. By some inscrutable process of reasoning they reached the conclusion that the sale of arms should be stopped because it was helpful to the Allies and harmful to Germany; quite loftily ignoring the converse, that such an embargo would be helpful to Germany and harmful to the Allies. The latter, they thought, would be neutral; the former, unneutral.

A similar lack of straight seeing and straight thinking was perceptible in the controversies over various other matters connected with or arising from the war. People fail to see things as they are, and fail to draw from them deductions which would be logical even if things were as they imagined them to be. The saying is as true as it is homely that

> Your labor is lost and your argument wrecked
> If your major premise is incorrect.

But now not only are major premises incorrect, but the syllogisms which are based upon them are incorrectly formed. It is crooked building, on crooked foundations.

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DEEPEN THE CAPE COD CANAL

Prior to the War for Independence the Cape Cod Canal had been urged from humanitarian and commercial reasons; in 1776 its value from a military point of view was at once perceived. In the spring of that year, General Washington, knowing that Lord Howe's fleet, discomfited, was about to sail from Boston, sent Machin to the eight-mile isthmus at Cape Cod, hoping that the engineer might find a route for small vessels from Barnstable to Buzzard's Bay, and feeling sure that he could outsail the slow ships of the enemy if a route could be found through inland waters to New York. A report was made to him that only three miles of low intervening sand separated the east and west flowing creeks. Washington never forgot how slight was this barrier, and how essential its removal in order "to give greater security to navigation *and against the enemy.*"

At the present critical period of our country's preparedness, the subject of financial returns from any canal does not appeal. We are faced by the question: How can a coastwise canal system be made to protect the United States, by contributing to the defense of the Atlantic coast and increasing the sea power of the whole country?

This question has been receiving especial attention during the last few years by the various societies which are awakening an interest in improved waterways. This increasing interest, arising from provincial and selfish motives, is gradually concentrating upon broad principles. The question is now one of deeper outlets from the larger rivers, as well as improved coastwise interior channels from Florida to Maine. If these latter were built, a passage for men-of-war and torpedo boats through in-shore routes would be assured. The need of armed convoys for colliers and transports would be materially reduced, while the smaller military craft could proceed, without danger from the sea or from an enemy, along safe routes to their ordered rendezvous.

It has been apparent, however, that the United States, even with its immense financial resources, will not be able, for some time to come, to make the outlay necessary to deepen the whole net-work of sounds along the Atlantic seaboard. Many are being improved; others will be deepened from time to time either through State or local aid.

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Fortunately, however, the most important protective canal of our eastern seaboard, that of Cape Cod, has been completed by a private corporation for the use of commerce. The importance of this canal as a *military* asset is becoming more than ever appreciated since the question of ocean defense has been brought so prominently before us by the present European War.

If the need for this canal was felt during the Revolution, it is infinitely more important today as a means of defense against a possible foreign aggression. The major part of the wealth of the Atlantic coast is situated north of Chesapeake Bay, and of that wealth a very large portion lies between New York and Maine. For that reason the first and most important line of defense against attack by sea is, of course, a battleship fleet to engage the enemy before it reaches our shores. But the people of the United States will demand, in addition to the off-shore fleet, a secondary fleet of "capital ships" awaiting the enemy and stationed in the waters of New York Harbor, Narragansett Bay, and Provincetown. This will mean three squadrons, which must be united with the utmost mobility. Their formation into one whole, with dispatch, at some critical moment, may spell victory, and prevent the landing of troops even in case the off-shore fleet should sustain a partial or complete defeat. To insure the union of these squadrons, two things are absolutely necessary: First, it should be noted that the New York Navy Yard has only one safe exit from the greatest maritime port of this country, namely, through the Sandy Hook channel. A few minor shoals to the eastward of the Navy Yard, near Hell Gate, still exist. They should at once be removed. The failure to do this in the past, and the small expense involved, must be considered a military delinquency of the gravest character. When these are removed, the great city of New York will have two deep-water entrances: one through the Lower Bay; the other extending through a protected sound, by which vessels in Narragansett Bay or the Hudson can support one another over a total distance of only 155 miles. If, instead of this second route, the one to the south of Long Island were taken, the distance would be increased to 219 miles, and the fleet would be subject to attack during transit.

On the north shore of Long Island Sound are the numerous large cities in which war material is manufactured,

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and the first aim of an enemy's fleet would be to control the eastern end of Long Island and thus dominate the towns of Rhode Island and Connecticut, and the Sound approach to New York.

For a battleship fleet the distance from Narragansett Bay to Nantucket Light is 108 statute miles, and from there to Boston 165 statute miles, making a total run from Newport to Boston directly to sea in the face of an enemy of 273 statute miles. Via the Cape Cod Canal, the distance from Newport to Boston would be only 112 miles, making a saving of about 161 miles. It should be noted that the Vineyard Sound route, with its shifting sands, is unsafe for battleships.

If it be permitted to draw a comparison from the lessons of land warfare abroad, our imagined interior line of waterways may be likened to the trenches existing today in eastern France. The Allied armies fighting the battle of the Marne merely halted the German forces. Our off-shore fleet might not do more than that at sea; in which event they would unite with the naval forces extending from New York to Boston, and, with quick means of communication, would hold the second interior so-called "trench line" through the sounds and bays. They could then, reinforced by the land forces, keep the enemy in check and prevent him from landing troops in our Eastern States. It should also be pointed out that the transfer of troops to and from transports could be safely made within the waters of Buzzard's Bay without interference from an off-shore enemy. The lower end of the bay, in the vicinity of New Bedford, is capable of being protected by mines at a minimum of cost, as the current is trivial in that locality compared to the tide in Vineyard Sound.

The cost of deepening these waterways may be regarded as trivial, for the following reasons: The corporation which has built at Cape Cod the twenty-five foot channel, only eight miles long, at a cost of $12,000,000, has expended at least one-third of that amount for the benefit of the Government; for, in order to reach the canal at its western end, the company dredged five miles in Buzzard's Bay, in United States waters, and constructed a 3,000-foot breakwater in Cape Cod Bay, also beyond its charter limits. Considering the Government appropriations which have been made for less important work of similar character, the expense of

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these last two improvements should have been borne by the United States Treasury; they are of infinitely more value to the merchant marine than certain other breakwaters and deepened channels which were provided under river and harbor acts of the past for other localities.

The strongest economic argument in favor of deepening the Cape Cod Canal from twenty-five feet to forty feet at low water is the fact that there is now before the Government a proposition to improve the channel *around* Cape Cod, especially at what is known as Pollock Rip. Now that the canal is completed, this expenditure becomes entirely unnecessary. Its cost is estimated at about $5,000,000, and no dredging of the shifting sands in that locality will result in a permanent channel. In view of this projected expense, its application to the enlarging of the canal would not increase the tax budget at all.

With the Cape Cod canal deepened to 40 feet, and the East River dredged from the New York Navy Yard to Riker's Island, communication for deep-draft warships through east and west inland channels would be assured. The advantage in protective power, both as regards time and distance, to be gained by making use of Long Island Sound, Buzzard's Bay, and Cape Cod Bay, is obvious. The effective defense of five States and the safety of our most populous Eastern cities demand this improvement. Serious study of the subject is imperative. A maximum benefit in time of war will thus ensue from a minimum outlay on the part of Congress. Half the cost of one battleship spent in making a forty-foot canal at Cape Cod would answer affirmatively the "single fleet" argument so ably advanced in favor of the Panama Canal.

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FRIGHTFULNESS AS CHRISTIANITY

BY MORRISON I. SWIFT

THERE is much justice in the resentful claim of Germany that she is not understood by the rest of the world. Of all countries the United States understands her least. The mistake of Americans is their verdict that Germany is war-mad and their expectation that when the war subsides she will recover her equilibrium and become sane, good-natured and well-behaved, cured by remorse and time.

This will not happen. If the entire world is not to be hers, Germany must be forced to abjure her new standards by impact with the absolute impossibility of their achievement, and must be irretrievably routed on her own intellectual ground. To conquer her intellectually means that better standards of life than those that have fed and fortified her murderous pride must be adopted and incorporated into the vital fabric of other nations. This may be arduous, because through long immunity from upheavals that sweep away social foundations and call for flexibility and constructiveness to make the earth habitable again, nations and individuals have grown inelastic and unimaginative. Now, social foundations are being swept away, ours as well as the rest. Those of Europe are all but gone; with them, whatever the war's outcome, ours will go. The whole world will have to be rebuilt on a new basis. If that basis is not to be some form of slavery to Germany, the internal peace system of the nations which Germany wills to destroy—and the United States is one—must be superior to that which she has yet shown or can produce.

The fatuity of neutral nations who like America stand aside, flattering themselves that they are escaping the sinister consequences of the war, thus demonstrates itself overpoweringly from both the physical and spiritual points of view. German victory in the field would extinguish the

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possibility of altering Teuton intellectual standards, crowning them, in the German mind, with the utterly unanswerable sanction of triumphant fact. Beneficently to apply them to the rest of the world would be merely the logical execution of a victory-certified mission. In the Teuton gospel, facts, not manuscripts, are the revelations, and authority is the progeny of ability. Before the bar of the German soul Germany's duty to bring all mankind under her kindly knife, to rule and recreate it after the patterns that her brain has manufactured, will be established in steel.

Neutrality in such circumstances is merely awaiting one's turn to die. The German statesman who is reported to have said, "It will not be long before we will dance over the grave of England," would have told more truth if he had added, "And then we shall dance over the grave of the United States." So it will be if the Germans reach London, such has long been the design of Berlin.

Of the four policies open to the United States it is almost certain that that of partial but insufficient preparedness will be chosen. These possible courses are: 1, pacifism, or complete unpreparation; 2, partial, but too little preparation; 3, adequate preparedness to resist attacks; 4, union with the Allies, once for all to eradicate the predatory militarism of the Central Powers of Europe.

Hampered by the pacifists and hyphenates, the third and fourth programmes are likely to be rejected and a compromise made on the second. This will accord with the far-reaching plans of Berlin and oppose no serious obstacle to the attainment of the Germanic goal of dancing on the grave of the United States. A Germany that can crush the present coalition against her will possess herself of Europe and assemble all its immense resources for wider military aims, as she has heretofore so incomparably organized the resources of her own lesser Empire. America will be called upon to repel this new military giant transcending many times the strength of the Germany of yesterday and to-day—to repel it with a preparation contemplating only the Germany of the past, and framed on the fallacy that the present Allies will still exist as potent forces for the compression of Pan-German ambitions. It is forgotten that if the Allies fall before German force, England, France and Italy as Powers will be extinct; Russia, mercilessly crippled, will be kept so by the Teuton mailed fist; all European restraint

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on Germany will be practically removed, while most of the strength that was restraint will be absorbed into Germany's body to swell her fighting might. The United States will then stand alone, the only surviving democracy in the world, her natural friends and defenders destroyed because she would not save them, to face a supremely organized and armed German Europe, thirsting both for revenge and world-dominion.

It will then be impossible for us to take refuge in the fragile spectre of preparedness with which we are now flirting. If Germany prevails in the present struggle nothing will be preparedness short of American militarization equal in all respects to that of a Pan-German Europe. Anything less will infallibly terminate in German absorption of the American hemisphere. Nor can this complete preparation be gradual or delayed as the official schemes contemplate, for in military affairs Germany, having a long start of us, acts with lightning celerity, while we debate and moralize. Our dilatory methods, pacific hallucinations, and the meagre defense measures projected at Washington leave us exposed to pillage by the Germanic Powers even if the war ends indecisively. Only drastic defeat will effect the capture or destruction of their fleets, and with these intact and both nations armed to the last man, fired with war-lust and released from all former codes of honor, what could be more lusciously alluring than the United States, fictitiously protected by the third-rate projects of defense now sketched, which for the most part will not have advanced beyond the paper stage? We are an unsheltered island in the world's seething turmoil. Under our present scant plans for safety it will take years to place us in fractional readiness for the tempest that is lashing our shores, liable to overwhelm us any week, month or year, perhaps depriving us of half our territory, perhaps bringing our national existence, with its sacred guardianship of the world's greatest republican experiment, to a close.

If, in the light of these undeniable dangers, we select the third form of preparedness and determine not to be found unready for any possible attack, it is necessary for us to begin to develop military power of the first order at once, and to prosecute the work as if we were already at war. Assuming our adhesion to epicene neutrality, the end of the war must find us with such military vigor that the Teuton

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Powers though wholly triumphant will not dare to assail us. This of necessity will be but the first step in a military career that can have no end if the German armies are not shattered and Germany purged of its Hohenzollerns. These events failing, we shall have to enter on an armament race with Germany for survival, adopting *in toto* all the abhorrent tactics that have made her unconquerable and detested, and spending our best genius to outspeed her in discoveries that kill. We shall be forced to become a nation-army as she is today—a State that is simply a supreme fighting beast. All the centuries of the past since life began on the earth will have led up to nothing but this. We shall hold none of the illusions of sometime world peace that cheered cannon-crushed Europe until yesterday: we shall know that a conflict is preparing in which half of civilized humanity will be wiped out, as much more horrible and final a conflict than the present war as the concentration of the whole ability of the white race on new means of destruction during the years of furious preparation can make it. That combat will be the suicide of civilization, if not of white mankind, and will transfer the control of the world to other human breeds. Germany, who has undertaken to subjugate and usurp the earth, will sink into nothingness with her strangled victims.

The only sure preventive of this utter human collapse is American adoption of the fourth method of preparedness—alignment with the nations that are now fighting to defend the world from slavery to the Teuton and Turk. This is rational preparedness and there is no other, for this stops the growth of a ravening monster which otherwise by every indication will eventually escape all human control. Today if ever is the time to deal with and humanize power-debauched Germany by extirpating the cancerous militarism of Prussia, which, left to its course, will devour Christendom. If an infallible seer could assure us that the Allies alone can do this, we might be warranted in inaction: but where is that seer? Faith, hope, guesses, statistics, heroic assertion, luminous historical analogies, flawless psychic proof—these are not knowledge: yet on such phantoms the United States is staking its liberty, its civilization, its salvation, and those of the world.

It is a curious thing that when America is entrusted with the destiny of the human race Americans do not see it; that they invite unutterable calamities in the future in order to

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avoid very slight ones now; that they are willing to take the risk of a welter of bloodshed hereafter to keep themselves free from a very moderate participation in bloodshed in the present. These are phenomena wholly discordant with American history and the past spirit of the people. Even on the purely material plane the nation's intellect is playing it false. The best protective investment that America can make is in Europe. Incomparably the greatest bulwark of the United States is the European Allies. Viewed financially alone, if Germany overwhelms them, we shall be obliged out of our own resources to create a strength equal to the whole restraining power they have heretofore exercised on the German Empire; that is, the American pocket-book will have to meet alone the costs of protection against the German Group that have hitherto been shared among the Allies to maintain their own safety. We imagine that our neutrality is saving us money; in reality, in the long run, it is probably the costliest policy that a nation ever pursued. The outlay of wealth needed by us fully to ensure Germany's conclusive defeat, and to set on foot within her such spiritual cleansing and social regeneration as will render her no longer a pestilent world-danger, would be trifling compared with the endless and stupendous expense we shall have to sustain if Germany as victor hews down all European defenses. Besides this we shall be forced to increase our human outlay to the same extent as the material, exacting of all men hard years of war-training in preparation for more hideous forms of military death than have yet been conceived. By investing our wealth and strength to shatter the military power and world-dominion dream of the Prussian Huns, we may elude this fate. Not otherwise.

It is at this moment of desperate peril for all that free men love that American intelligence seems to have suffered eclipse. A crude pacifism, shallow and ill-reasoned, has spread its paralysis far and wide, when every day counts for future centuries—for it will take hundreds of years to recover the ground that is slipping away from us now through our torpor. Why, then, has pacifism suddenly, in this paramount crisis, developed such immense corrupting force?

Pacifism, with the world as it is, derives its power not from inherent virtue but from the condition of the medium in which it is propagated. The minds of the people have

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undergone a long debilitating and perverting medication through which certain ideas have become set as hardened structural deposits. The one concerning us is that Christendom is Christian. If this is questionable we need not trouble ourselves with the pacifist faith that all Christians will react appropriately to non-resistance by ceasing aggression. If there are nations that have basically abandoned Christianity, the pacifists who counsel other nations to lay down their arms and trust in love are apostles of suicide.

Germany is precisely such a character. As relating to nations she has exorcised and expunged Christianity. What she has done with it internally is at this moment beside the question: as a national individual she has entered on a new savagery entirely surpassing all the former qualifications of savagery. It is inaccurate and illusory to say that she has relapsed into paganism, however, for her present growth is a graduation from Christianity after intimate knowledge and long trial of it, whereas the pagans had possessed no Christianity and knew nothing about it. This is what makes the German repeal of the Christian religion vastly more than a reformation: it is a religious revolution. The step has been taken through no accident or inadvertence: never was anything done more orderly and circumspectly: Germany has calmly gone over Christian principles, weighed them in the scales of her thought, brought the trained intellects of her universities to analyze and dissect them, and rejected them all. What she has reared in their place is a nation-toward-nation creed, the product not of tradition but of her present mentality and desires, a people-created gospel that is just as sacred to the German nation as Christianity was in its flower, and immeasurably more dynamically impelling than any German religion has been for a long time. Yet there has been no overt religious crisis or even ecclesiastical ripple; the old forms and dogmas persist intact as respected impossibilities or venerated hypothetical futures, but their spirit and essential content have been transmuted into new meanings and aims. Germany knows how to use the subtle current psychology of trans-idealization. This has saved the religion-changers from the archaic error of making a stand on word-paintings and names, and so has enabled them to slip in the new for the old smoothly and without alarm or complaint. Better still, they have done it with such art that the professional moralists and theologians have

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marched with the heavy brain-weights of superman science and been of the greatest assistance in this painless extinction of Christianity.

The secret of the easy triumph of the new Teuton evangel, and a powerful source of enduring strength, is the claim that for the first time it brings the realization of internal Christianity within reach. By throwing overboard international Christianity it heralds the swift fruition of intra-national Christianity. It differs from the cult that was, through its dictum that the Christian results hitherto aimed at by individuals and groups can be attained only by means of the large nation-community, operating organically for Christian ends. Attainable Christianity is confined to these national communities. Christian principles are wholly inapplicable between nation-communities, and if the attempt to act on them is made, no less a disaster than the overthrow of the nation trying it will follow, with the consequent collapse of all the important Christian achievements within its boundaries.

For Christianity to thrive in the greatest degree the nation must be carried to the highest point of development. Hence the race or people that would do most to serve and evolve Christianity is the one which most strenuously promotes the growth in might and magnitude of its organized national self. Christian methods are not to obtrude or be practised in this enterprise, for that would nullify Christian advancement in the only sphere where to any purpose Christianity can advance.

There is another ingredient in the elemental propulsiveness of this doctrine. The very essence of religion is transformed. It ceases to be in any important sense an affair of personal emotion or of individual action or conduct; it becomes achievement, yet not that of the individual, but mass achievement. Personal emotion, so great a factor in the lapsed Christianity, receives its value from its contribution to mass results. It has given way to mass emotion. At once it is clear that the worth of religious feeling depends upon the significance of the achievement toward which it is directed. Individual strivings about which religion has heretofore revolved being necessarily narrow and limited, the religious sentiment connected with associated activity through which great things are done is incomparably more moral, holy and godlike. It is here that religion attains its

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culmination—in the splendid deeds of individuals bound together as a nation, upbuilding this gigantic and exalted entity. As the nation thus grows, its Christian proficiency toward the personal units composing it also grows, and in these conjoined is the perfect Christian harvest.

But this is not all; the theory of Christian promulgation, biblically enjoined, is likewise transvalued into a Prussian war-song. Other nations must be converted to the grand godliness which Germany has first comprehended and lived. This is not to be done by spreading pious literary dogmas and gaining courteous superficial acceptances thereto after the manner of Christian missionaries, but by propagating with disciplinary fervor the Teuton capacity for great deeds. The crown of the new-born Prussian Christianity is passionate enthusiasm for colossal master-strokes. Offering this priceless cult to mankind, Germany meets difficulties and dangers which mere preaching would not encounter. Other nations, stiff-necked, stupid, and jealous, spurn the gift of salvation through Prussia and resist redemption; neither for their own good nor for that of the world can they be left to perish in the stagnancy they love; by rejecting the German illumination they prove their unworth as nations and forfeit their prerogative to exist: it is then the exercise of higher Christianity on Germany's part forcibly to take them under control and to coerce them into the Christian evolution which they shirk, either by making them vassal States or incorporating them into herself. The greater nations must be thus dealt with in any case, for by Christianizing them after the German model of training and inspiration for conquest, they would be shaped into intolerable competitors for Germany's supreme place in the sun.

The new international Christianity invented by Germany culminates, then, either in one absolute world-empire held down by blood and steel, or in a series of utterly ruthless wars of extermination, leaving the earth to be repeopled by such lower stocks as happen through their remoteness or insignificance to escape the repeated tornadoes of death. To the Germans, the wars and preparations for wars thus demanded, and their terrific prosecution without the slightest regard for humanity, are the noblest obedience to Christian obligation and the loftiest exercise of the Christian life. To strike frightfully and fiendishly is German Christianity in its es-

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sence. To refrain, to be weakly humane, to let other nations live on peacefully, absorbing Nature's space and riches because through exploded religious tenets and fantastic misinterpretations of cosmic law they do not resist but turn the other degenerate cheek, is inexpiable contumacy toward the God revealed by Berlin. In her most solemn and passionate conviction, Germany is not outraging religion or righteousness, but feels herself to be the only truly Christian Power. Her whole being is mastered by the sublimity of her divine appointment to raise the rest of the world to her level, in accomplishing which all extremes of treachery, fraud, force, frightfulness and savagery are right.

With this understanding of the Teuton creed, Germany's crusade for world dominion is a veritable holy war, reinforced by all the sacred enthusiasms of a new religion, scientifically constructed, and, mingled with its brutal savagery and shameless atavism, embodying some of the most modern scientific ideas.

Into this murky abyss of German spiritual metamorphosis, not American pacifists alone, but even the thinkers of the allied peoples of Europe, shrink from gazing. It makes the problem of dealing with Germany much less terrible and perplexing if they can assure themselves that Germany will recant; and they do so. There is still in the civilized a strong remainder of the barbarous superstition that admitting sinister realities has the effect of creating them, while resolute denial of their being causes them to lessen and disappear. That Germany has gone Prussian and bad the thinkers of course declare, but that she is basically sound, meaning that she is still rooted in the old moralities and creeds, they bravely insist, and they look forward with cheerful faith to a reunion of Germany with her enemies on this basis.

This expectation is typical of an almost universal invasion of soft optimism, which is obscuring the most fundamental and destiny-shaping truth of this war. In it there is no vision of the German motive, no insight that Germany, besides discarding the old morality and religion, has abolished the " one God " in whom the rest of the world dreams of reunion, and has created a new God of her own.

So when nations expect the Germans to be shocked at themselves by and by, to feel the nemesis of a bitter shame as they look at themselves in the glass of memory, and then

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contritely, in sackcloth of soul, to return to the old conceptions of conduct and cult: when they anticipate a resurrection of the German conscience and a love-feast of the warring nations around the Christian communion table with Germany in tears, they are egregiously mistaken. These things will never happen. Germany is not going to repent. She is not going to see ghosts of the massacred *Lusitania* dead, or spectres of the victims of her Zeppelin raids on women and children; her conscience will not awaken, for she has a new conscience that is firmly steeled against penitence and pain, and will suffer only if she does not succeed. In failure it will be the conscience of the martyr. She will eternally glory in all the frightfulness she inflicts because it is done for her new Christ—which is a Germanized world. The earth redeemed is an earth made Germany-incarnate.

Through this transfiguration of fiendishness autocracy has accomplished an absolute oneness with God, into which, by a further brilliant stroke of the German science of deceptive psychology, the common people, down to the very meanest and most trampled, enter through the divinity of the mission of savage conquest. Deeper than all other motives of this mammoth world-tragedy is the resolution of autocracy to survive. Farther-sighted than democracy, it has perceived that it cannot survive by leading a parallel existence with democracy, since in the game of peace democracy slowly, painfully, but resistlessly wins. The last hope of autocracy is a war for extermination of its rivals and possession of the world. Democracy must be slain. The bludgeoning of the freer nations of Europe began the drama, in due sequence to be followed by a death-thrust at the great trans-Atlantic republic, with whose extinction popular freedom will perish from the earth. It is a tragic scheme to throttle the evolution of humanity in order that a single commonplace family may vampire forever on the heart's-blood and happiness of mankind. For its benefit all humanity must be reduced to a slavery never before dreamed of or physically possible.

For this climax autocracy prepared itself consummately. It made the greatest modern engines, science and education, its servants, and destroyed the ancient forces that were in its way—civilization, humanity, morality and Christianity—creating in the laboratory servile substitutes for them that would act as its tools. All these agencies it brought to the

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construction of its stupendous war-machine on which it was to ride to omnipotence. The crisis produced is new in kind in the world's life, because it is the *scientific* union of autocracy with God. Never before could there be this phenomenon. Science had first to grow up before this amalgamation could be wrought, perpetuating with a thousand-fold greater tenacity the hereditary union of the two in the past.

Great as is the tragedy of this long-planned upsurge to assassinate democracy, there is a greater one. That is the disunion of democracy in this crisis through the failure of the American nation to play its part; it is American insensibility to the vast meaning of events—neglect of this opportunity, perhaps the last one, forced on the world by autocracy itself, to take up the gauntlet and crush autocracy out of existence. While autocracy summons every atom of its strength to extinguish freedom, not scrupling to turn Europe or the whole world into a hell for that purpose, all democracy's weaknesses conspire for its own death. With the guilelessness of unweaned virtue democracy temporizes and compromises, suffereth long and is blind, excuses autocracy's crimes and affectionately denies that autocracy aims at its murder, cries that the world is wide enough for two inappeasable antagonisms to dwell together in unity, concedes autocracy the right to maintain itself, though that entails infinite grief and irreparable ruin to all the peoples of the planet. In the loftiest hour of existence and opportunity, democracy shirks.

World-democracy can be inaugurated by stern and stalwart concert of all-democracy against all-autocracy. That alone will bring world peace, for in a world-system half ancient and autocratic and half modern and democratic, no truce or peace is possible. If German autocracy is abolished the Russian people themselves will take care of their absolutism. The alliance of the United States with the nations now fighting Germany, for which the murderous uprising of absolutism has prepared the way, to be maintained and developed into permanent organic federation, will democratize the world.

Morrison I. Swift.

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INTERNATIONAL REALITIES

BY PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN

INTERNATIONAL law has often been attacked. It has been scoffed at as being in no sense law at all. Its prestige of late, it must be admitted, has suffered considerably. It has been severely discredited—justly, in some respects; most undiscriminatingly, in others. Much of the criticism reveals a superficial appreciation of the facts. The most lamentable aspect of the situation, one that of necessity is not readily perceived, is that international law has probably suffered more at the hands of its friends than of its enemies.

The purpose of this article is therefore to consider frankly the various ways in which international law has been discredited, whether justly or unjustly, and to endeavor to deal candidly with the brute facts.

First of all, it must be recognized that international law has been seriously discredited in the eyes of many by the manner in which the present war has been waged. It is held that the flagrant violations of accepted rules of law governing the conduct of war by certain of the belligerents show that international law is entitled to little or no respect; it is impotent, a feeble reed, a "mere scrap of paper."

According to such critics, a law which cannot respond to the strain when it is most needed is a mockery, an object of derision. Such criticism, however, in spite of its apparent justification, reveals a distorted sense of proportion, a false standard of values. It proceeds from an erroneous impression—which, it must be frankly admitted, has been fostered unconsciously by many publicists—to the effect that international law was mainly, if not primarily, concerned with the regulation of war: that in fact it had little significance except in time of war.

Curiously enough, the two Hague Peace Conferences of 1899 and 1907 which were convened for the purpose of pro-

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moting the cause of peace, have done much to confirm this impression. It is true that heroic attempts were made at these Conferences to provide adequate facilities through mediation, commissions of enquiry, and particularly by arbitration, to settle international disputes without recourse to war. But it is also true that these Conferences concentrated their labors on the making of laws to regulate the conduct of war—that abnormal state of affairs which is in fact the very negation of law.

This is not to ignore one other solitary Hague Convention concerning the Recovery of Contract Debts. Designed to eliminate one of the many causes of war, it really consecrated the most vicious principle that a nation is justified under certain questionable circumstances in resorting to *force* to secure payment for debts frequently of doubtful origin.

The idea that international law should regulate war is essentially paradoxical and unsound. It is to attempt to revive the Age of Chivalry: to make wars courteous and decent: an opportunity for the display of knightly virtues. To plead for a humane war sounds almost preposterous.

As long as wars may seem necessary and inevitable, we must of course insist that they be waged with due respect to the rights of humanity. It still remains true, however, that whether or no the belligerents will observe among themselves the rules of war, the dictates of humanity, there is in reality no legal method on the battlefield to compel them to do otherwise than as their own conscience and the all-controlling exigencies of military necessity may command.

But you will say that the law of nations should at least uphold the rights and obligations of neutrals; that it cannot plead irresponsibility in this respect. This is undoubtedly true in large measure; but even here we must be sure of the exact conditions to which international law should apply. If we assume, as some superficial thinkers do, that a great war is very much like a street brawl which ought not to involve anyone other than the hot-headed combatants, then neutral nations are correct in insisting indignantly that the right to continue their peaceful pursuits unmolested should be scrupulously respected by the nations at war.

If, however, we are prepared to recognize the actual facts of international existence; if we realize that the nations of the earth have become so intimately interdependent that any

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great calamity affecting one or several of them must necessarily affect the rest, both directly and indirectly, then neutral nations cannot rightly claim that their interests should not suffer material damage.

As a matter of fact, neutral nations have always recognized that war must directly affect their interests as well as the interests of the belligerents. This is evidenced by the willingness of neutrals to permit the visit, search, and even the capture of their private ships on the high seas; to allow the capture of goods of a contraband character having a hostile destination; to respect formally declared and effectively maintained blockades; and to perform some of the irksome obligations imposed on neutrals to avoid participation in the contest.

But we must go even further. Not only must neutral nations suffer inevitable though grievous injury to their interests at the hands of belligerents; they must also recognize that the fact of the intimate interdependence of nations cannot leave neutrals entirely indifferent concerning the issues and the results of a great war. "There comes a moment," as some statesman has wisely said, "when a neutral nation is compelled to recognize that its best interests demand the triumph of one of the two sides at war." When this truth is borne in on the consciousness of a neutral nation, it must without sentiment or passion adjust its attitude accordingly. Either it must be willing to tolerate considerable interference with its technical rights by the belligerents whose side it desires to triumph, or it must openly ally itself in certain eventualities with that side, and fight as well as pray for its success. Otherwise a neutral nation may easily find itself the victim of an extraordinary situation where, in the assertion of its alleged rights, it is impelled to antagonize and harm the very belligerents whose cause it at heart most favors.

The most serious indictment against international law at the present time consists, not in the manner in which this war is being waged, but in the brutal fact of war itself. The true function of international law is not to *govern* war; it is to *avert* war. This is the real vital problem which should claim the serious attention of all thoughtful men: how can the law of nations best fulfill its functions in time of peace?

Why is it that international law, since Grotius, in 1626,

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tried to bring nations to their senses, has not yet found the way of avoiding war? Can it plead the impossibility of changing the evil hearts, the predatory instincts, the blind passions of men? Or must it humbly admit that it has been in error: that its alleged principles, its bold postulates, have been unsound, fallacious, and unrelated to the facts of international existence?

The charge against the defective nature of man is of course, in large measure, well founded; but nothing can excuse international law if it should be proved that its methods and its theories have been faulty and unscientific. This, I fear, ought candidly to be admitted. It would seem true that the law of nations, receiving its inception, as it did, at the hands of Grotius as a moral protest against the existing state of international anarchy, has ever since sought to play the role of the preacher, the teacher, the reformer, the moral idealist, rather than to serve as the jurist-consult, the lawgiver, the practical statesman.

The special evidence of this regrettable fact is to be found in the attempt to identify international law with the Law of Nature, that mysterious, sovereign legislation, that supreme authority to which men are supposed to submit all their human affairs. The pity of it all is that the followers of Grotius would seem, in the main, to have misunderstood his purpose in invoking the Law of Nature. Grotius himself was most scientific in method, and a careful study of his statements does not indicate that he confused international law with the Law of Nature. On the contrary, wherever he could ascertain an undoubted principle of law through an exhaustive examination of international usages, customs, and precedents of all kinds, there he was contented to rest his case. But where—as, for example, in the matter of mitigating the horrors of war—he found little or no support for his humane contentions in usage, custom, or precedent, he then appealed to the Law of Nature in the obvious hope that, in the absence of a supreme Imperial or Church authority, mankind would acknowledge the dictates of reason and humanity expressed in terms of Natural Law. The most that Grotius would seem to have implied by such an appeal was a challenge to the reason of man, to his sense of equity, to his sentiments of justice. And this, apparently, is about all that any of us really mean when, outside of the field of religion, we venture to appeal to "natural rights." We

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merely ask each other to give the assent of our reason that certain propositions are self-evident.

There are, of course, many facts of this character which are daily accepted without question or serious discussion. We do not, however, in each instance appeal to a Law of Nature for their recognition. We know that human affairs must necessarily be carried on by discussion and argument, by an ultimate appeal to reason. If the minds of men are not convinced of the truth of an assertion, an alleged principle or right, it is useless to invoke the authority of any law, whether it be termed natural or divine.

An international law publicist of note, in defending the Law of Nature, protested that "while you may drive it out of the front door, it will manage to gain fresh entrance through the back door or the windows." It is precisely against this kind of unguarded, careless, unscholarly mode of thought that we all should be vigilant. If by reason of conventional phraseology we are compelled to speak of Natural Law and Natural Rights, let us be clear in our own minds that we simply mean an appeal to the highest sense of justice of which reason is capable. And even then, let us be on our guard lest we fall back on a Law of Nature in order to support propositions which we may not have been able to justify by reasoned argument.

It would seem logically necessary, in avoiding recourse to an assumed Law of Nature, that we should endeavor to define more clearly what we understand to be the *nature of law*. The failure to define carefully the purpose and function of law may be responsible for some of the confusion of thought that seems to exist in respect to the law of nations.

In the physical world we note the existence of certain so-called laws in accordance with which definite phenomena take place: for example, the fall of an apple in obedience to the *law* of gravitation. It is evident, however, that human laws are of a different character. Men are governed in other ways than as inert atoms controlled by irresistible laws; they themselves determine the laws which shall control their mutual relations. If these relations are not adjusted in an orderly fashion by common agreement, there is no possibility of an efficient social or political organization. It is of mutual concern that the interests of each and all should be duly recognized and respected.

The purpose of law, expressed in its simplest terms,

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thus becomes evident as the *protection of interests,* or, as Gareis well states:

> Law is the means of the peaceable regulation of the external relations of persons and their social communities among themselves. . . . It does not concern itself with internal activities which belong to the domain of morals and religion. . . . The nature of a legal right is such that it is always a definite interest, actually entertained by a person or a community. For the protection and guaranty of these interests, legal order expresses its commands and prohibitions, and through this guaranty, interests become legal interests (legal rights).

If we accept this definition of law as being scientifically exact and affording a satisfactory basis for discussion, international law may therefore properly be defined in the words of Gareis as: " The totality of legal rules by which the public interests of states among themselves—the international relations of states—are legally governed by legal duties and legal rights; and accordingly by which the common interests of states are legally protected."

It is evident, in the light of this definition of law in general and of international law in particular, that the practical problem is first to ascertain with precision the exact interests to be protected, and then to endeavor to discover just what law has been mutually accepted among nations to protect these interests.

It is here that theories of Natural Law have wrought their greatest havoc. Most of the writers on international law, following in each other's footsteps, venture to lay down, with varying degrees of boldness or timidity, certain fundamental postulates, to proclaim certain " absolute," " inherent " rights of States. They assert, as the keystone to the structure of international law, the right of a State to exist. They then deduce the sovereignty of the State as a necessary attribute, though it is never very clear just what " sovereignty " really denotes. They assert the right of a State to independence, and, necessarily, to complete equality.

We have had only recently a rhetorical reaffirmation of these fundamental postulates in the form of a Declaration of Rights by the American Institute of International Law, composed of representatives of international law societies in all of the States belonging to the Pan-American Union. Such declarations, which familiarly recall Rousseau and revolutionist literature, may pretend to define the interests of

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States which it is the object of international law to protect. They do not indicate, however, from whence flow these "absolute," "inherent" rights except—by a treacherous analogy to individual rights—from that mysterious authority, the Law of Nature.

As a matter of fact, if we test these theories in the laboratory of international realities, we discover that we do not always get a satisfactory reaction. We find that it is most doubtful in certain instances, such as Morocco and Persia, for example, whether a nation *has* a right to exist. We find that some nations obviously are not truly sovereign, completely independent, or absolutely equal by the nature of things. And yet, in the practical relations of States, it is evident that such States, whether Panama, Cuba, Belgium, or Switzerland, are to be considered as international entities with definite interests which must be properly protected.

The concepts of sovereignty, independence, and equality may serve possibly as ideals, as a goal of ambition, but from the scientific point of view, which is the proper concern of law, they serve no practical purpose. They tend, on the contrary, to confuse, to hinder the work of the construction of law. This is the painful confession that candor compels us to make: international law has not yet defined the fundamental interests of States. It has not yet proclaimed the Magna Charta which shall effectively regulate and protect the relations and rights of nations.

Nowhere is this unpleasant truth more evident than in respect to the question of the right of a State to exist. If we dispassionately review European History since the Congress of Vienna; if we consider the artificial, arbitrary manner in which boundaries have been created, peoples transferred like cattle from one State to another; if we visualize the hopeless state of anarchy that formerly existed in Morocco and now exists in Persia: if we contemplate all these facts, surely we can reach no other conclusion than that there is no absolute right of a State to exist. Boundaries that have been made arbitrarily, may as arbitrarily be remade. States now existing may be broken up or recreated along different lines. Curiously enough, portions of Empire like Canada, for example, may assume a *quasi* international status without ceasing to be part of the Empire itself.

The significance of this fact concerning the right of a

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State to exist should be evident in relation to the development of a real science of international law. If we have not yet defined with any accuracy the very factors, the basic elements, with which international law must deal, it is preposterous to expect that it should be called on to protect interests which are necessarily artificial, ephemeral, and of a conflicting character.

If nations are not equal in moral, intellectual, or even material influence; if they have not an equal concern in the adjustment of international interests; if they have not an equal voice in the creation, the interpretation, and the enforcement of law; if, in fact, the claim to equality stands squarely in the way of world organization itself; then it is folly to insist on the concept of equality as a basic principle of the law of nations.

We must therefore be sure of the exact nature of our materials in the science of international law before we try to determine the legal rights and obligations of States. To do otherwise is to construct a bridge of wood on the assumption that we are using iron: to erect a building of chalk under the supposition that it is stone. A law of nations of such a character is of no value as a Magna Charta of international rights; it is essentially unscientific, a *modus vivendi,* a mere temporary makeshift unworthy of respect.

The practical application of all this is obviously to be found in the great European war. However we may apportion the immediate responsibility for this catastrophe, we are slowly beginning to realize that its origins and its ultimate effects directly and vitally concern this question of the right of a State to exist.

This, then, is the fundamental reality, the basic element with which international law must deal: if we cannot concede the absolute right of a State to exist, we must recognize the rights of *nationalities* to exist. We must recognize the vital fact that men are bound to group together into nationalities to achieve their common ends. Until we freely concede this fact—until we try honestly and dispassionately to determine the relative rights of nationalities, potential as well as already existing; to draw boundaries with due regard for their conflicting interests and sensibilities—we have not created those reasonably permanent nations whose interests it is the function of international law to protect.

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This, then, should be the all-absorbing preoccupation of European statesmen and the citizens of the whole world as well: to endeavor to prepare the way for a peace which shall readjust the interests of all nations on a just and firm basis. If revenge, if the desire for reparation, for power and material aggrandizement, are to be the controlling motives in the peace conference which must end this and any war; if a just, scientific appreciation of the factors which compose the fabric of international polity does not dominate its councils, we may well despair of the future of the science of international law as well as of the peace of the world.

But, you will very properly observe, granted that nations may yet learn to recognize and respect their mutual interests, how are these interests to be protected if there is no effective sanction for international law? What kind of law is it that depends only on public opinion for enforcement, that still leaves to each nation the right of self-redress? Such a person will be inclined to join the ranks of those who believe that a superior sanction is the chief requisite in law, and indignantly protest that international law is in no way entitled to be characterized as law. He will prefer to term it international morality of a feeble sort, particularly if he has received his impressions from the school of Natural Law and certain professional pacifists who are accepted as exponents of international law.

Now it cannot be denied that the law of nations labors under this great disadvantage: Its edicts are frequently treated with contempt: an international legislature, judiciary, and executive are required to give it full value and power. Not only is this true, it is also evident that nations still lack that common conception of rights and obligations which is essential to enable men to unite under a common executive, legislature, and judiciary. Japan and Italy, Russia and the United States, Germany and Belgium, Haiti and Great Britain, all hold varying views of the object and powers of the State, of the rights and duties of States, of the great basic principles of justice. Until they can begin to think alike in matters of fundamental significance, it is idle to strive to force them together within a common international organization.

But to admit all this is not to reduce the law of nations to a trivial and ignominous role. Having conceded its defects we must likewise recognize its virtues. At a time of

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abnormal stress, when it is subjected to much criticism of an undiscriminating character, we must in all fairness try to appreciate the positive, effective value and influence of international law.

In ordinary times of peace the statesmen responsible for the conduct of international relations carry on an immense variety of delicate negotiations based on an avowed respect for generally accepted principles of international law. We do not ordinarily note the successes of diplomacy; we note only its failures. Nevertheless, it is unquestionably true that in normal times of peaceful intercourse diplomacy relies implicitly on the law of nations in the settlement of many questions, frequently of a grave character.

When questions of a complicated, trying nature do not yield readily to diplomatic treatment, diplomacy then calls in the aid of arbitration. In this event, arbitration, though hardly functioning in every respect as a court of justice, endeavors within the scope of its powers to pay homage to the law of nations. The decisions of the Hague Arbitration Tribunals bear eloquent testimony to this fact.

But perhaps the most significant fact,—and one that is generally ignored, even by eminent authorities of the standing of Elihu Root,—is that the courts of all nations both in times of war and peace are constantly rendering important decisions based directly on the law of nations, decisions which, it must be emphasized, are duly enforced. What is more, these courts do not hesitate to declare that they are applying a law which is every whit as much entitled to respect as municipal law. When the Supreme Court of the United States affirms that international law *is law,* it would seem, in spite of casuistic reasoning to the effect that it becomes law only *as a part of* municipal law, there should be no further doubt concerning its complete validity. Incidentally, a most interesting instance of the homage paid to international law in time of war is a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the German Empire upholding the right of a French citizen, now in the French army, to a patent which a German firm had sought to infringe.

It is important that we should not fail to understand the basic principle that constrains the courts of all nations to respect the rules of international law. The basic principle which establishes judicial precedents and crystallizes international law as a science, is that the interests of nations

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must be mutually respected because of what Gareis well terms "anticipated advantages of reciprocity as well as fear of retaliation."

This powerful sanction, this compulsive force of reciprocal advantage and fear of retaliation, is nothing else in its essence than the Golden Rule as formulated by Thomasius: "Do unto others for thine own sake what thou wouldst that others should do unto thee, and, in so doing, accept a law from which thou canst not escape." Is it not in reality the only safe fundamental principle for international relations? As a sheer utilitarian rule of conduct—modified, if you will, by elevated ethical or religious concepts—I venture to assert that it is the most rational, practical basis for the science of international law. There can be no more effective sanction for law than an appeal to the enlightened self-interest of men.

Our task, therefore, as defenders and upbuilders of international law, becomes one of determining the specific mutual interests which nations are prepared to recognize; and then to endeavor, in a spirit of toleration, friendly concern, scientific open-mindedness, to formulate the legal rights and obligations which these interests entail. Having come to a substantial agreement concerning the law itself, we may then properly turn to the task of securing the most effective agencies for its interpretation and enforcement.

The nations of the earth are far from ready to be ruled by a common, sovereign, political authority; their interests and ways of thinking are still too antagonistic for that. The great preliminary work of facilitating closer relations, of removing misunderstandings, of reconciling conflicting points of view, of identifying various interests, of fostering common conceptions of rights and obligations, remains yet to be done. We can hardly venture to express the hope that this frightful clash of interests now going on in Europe may serve in the end as a solemn and stern appeal to reason itself: that the warring nations may be preparing to meet each other in a sober, rational spirit, to seek to determine and respect their mutual interests on the practical, utilitarian basis of the Golden Rule. But surely, if such a spirit should prevail, there need be no concern in regard to the creation of international tribunals or leagues to enforce peace.

PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN.

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INDIA AND THE WAR

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

No one will ever write of these tremendous days without wishing for the pen of a Gibbon when he comes to India's part in them. It is not only the most dramatically moving episode of the whole war; it is probably also, when one thinks of its immediate consequences to a fifth of the human race, and still more of its ultimate reactions upon the relations between East and West, one of the decisive events of all time. That early autumn day in 1914, when the good people of Marseilles turned out to greet with cheers and tears and roses the Indian warriors who had emerged from the shimmering dimness of the Orient to fight the battle of European freedom on the soil of France, was a landmark in history. The whole world drew a breath of wonder at the compendious strangeness and romance of such a spectacle. But for us in England it was more than a spectacle: it was a consecration. The long and noble line of British soldiers, statesmen and administrators who had given all they had to the service of India received on that day their supreme reward. It set the stamp of final authority—the authority of the wards themselves—upon our proud claim to have been their faithful guardians and trustees. It was a certificate—unsolicited, spontaneous, handsome beyond all imagining—to the spirit in which we have discharged the heaviest duty ever borne by a nation since the days of Rome. Were Great Britain to go down in utter ruin and defeat as the result of this war she might still declare that it had brought her one hour of splendid compensation—that hour when the myriads beneath her rule in India threw aside all grievances and all divisions and rallied to her side with a single cry of passionate loyalty; when princes and peoples alike demanded as their right to stand shoulder to shoulder with her on the battlefields of

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Europe; when what she had failed to do for India was forgotten and forgiven, and what she had succeeded in doing was returned to her a thousand-fold. All that is best in British Imperialism, its justice, its disinterestedness, the sterling character of its agents, the wise constancy with which it has labored towards the ideal of a confederation of self-governing states under British protection, was crowned in that unforgettable hour with a superlative tribute of gratitude and confidence—a tribute that derived its most precious and most intimate significance from the fact that it was the freely tendered offering of those who for nearly two hundred years had known at first hand the defects as well as the excellences of British rule.

The dominant emotion of most Englishmen as they read of the tidal wave of enthusiasm for the British cause that swept from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin was one in which bewilderment mingled with gratification. Such news as had come from India during the previous decade had led us to expect almost anything rather than such an outburst of loyalty as we actually witnessed. Every Englishman had become sharply aware that British rule in India was entering on a new and critical phase. A legitimate dissatisfaction was beating against the bars. The very virtues of British rule were producing the conditions most favorable to its resistance. The point had been reached when the educated Indians began to realize that they had a personal use for the axioms in moral copperplate their rulers had set them to transcribing, and that the lessons of liberty they had imbibed from the study of English literature and English history were applicable to themselves and their own conditions. The new spirit in India was in part a reflection of the English spirit penetrating the native mind. England had given India peace, security and education along Western lines. She had built railways and made intercourse both possible and popular among the three hundred million peoples under her sway. She had introduced the quickening spirit of commercialism. Her persistence in teaching English had manufactured the beginnings of something that might almost be called a sentiment of solidarity. She had introduced here and there the representative principle and had admitted thousands and scores of thousands of natives to the administrative ranks. Her schools and colleges were annually turning out many thousands of nimble-minded, impetuous youths for whom no

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employment could be found. By sanctioning a native press, and the privilege of open meetings, she had stimulated a widespread intellectual ferment. The Japanese victories over Russia, again, had thrilled the entire Orient with a sense of unimagined possibilities. Add to this that Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty had ended, incongruously enough, by exasperating almost every section of Indian society, and that the partition of Bengal in particular had provoked a storm of resentment.

Never since the Mutiny had there been so much explosive material lying about in India as there was ten years ago. Properly looked at, the unrest in the Peninsula was at once the proof of the success of British rule and the price we were bound sooner or later to pay for it. But it assumed some very disturbing forms. It expressed itself to an accompaniment of unwonted tumult and agitation. We saw—I mean we stay-at-homes in England—a vehement and at times a violent demand on the part of the educated classes for more power and influence. We saw the popular indignation against the partition of Bengal resorting to the bomb and the knife. We saw it countered by stern strokes of repression. We saw British officials murdered, British goods boycotted, the alienation between rulers and ruled deepen into overt hostility, and hostility develop into sedition. We saw an exasperation of all the many elements of racial discord. We saw the expanding force of native opinion and ambitions beating upon a devoted, hard-working, but rather rigid and complacent bureaucracy. It was an anxious time. Happily we found in Lord Morley the statesman with the requisite qualities of patience, courage, faith and sympathy to weather it. Lord Morley interested the British democracy as it had never been interested before in the problems and responsibilities of Indian government. He resisted all the pressure that was brought upon him to take steps that might gradually have transformed the British Raj into a military autocracy. He hesitated not one moment to adopt the most drastic methods of repressing the propaganda of anarchism. Finally, and best of all, he perceived that the time had come to enlarge the scope of India's liberties, to pay more heed to the good-will of the people than to the smoothness of the administrative machine, and to convert the British scheme of government in the higher ranks from an absolute monopoly to a limited partnership. These pre-

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scient, timely, and generous reforms averted what might have been a crisis full of peril. The King's visit to India did much, too, to induce a better feeling. But that the revolutionary movement was still far from being at an end was shown when the murderous and all but successful attempt was made upon the life of the Viceroy. Up to the very outbreak of the war, indeed, we in England watched India with a restrained sense of insecurity and apprehension. The country to all appearances had quieted down; the surface was tranquil; but we did not know what sinister movements might not be stirring beneath.

The demonstrations, therefore, of those August days two years ago were of a character to make the average Englishman rub his eyes. Instead of an India sullen with discontent, he saw an India acclaiming as with one voice Great Britain's declaration of war upon Germany, and almost tremulously eager to lay at the feet of the King-Emperor all her uncounted stores of devotion, of treasure, of chivalry and martial prowess. England's difficulty, he observed with something akin to bewilderment, was indeed India's opportunity —but to help, to support, and not, as he had half begun to fear it might be, to harm. "Among the many incidents that have marked the unanimous uprising of the populations of my Empire in defense of its unity and integrity," said the King-Emperor on September 8, 1914, "nothing has moved me more than the passionate devotion to my throne expressed both by my Indian subjects and by the Feudatory Princes and the Ruling Chiefs of India, and their prodigal offers of their lives and their resources in the cause of the Realm." The words were well chosen. It was indeed a "passionate devotion" that the Princes and peoples of India hastened to tender.

I may perhaps remind my American readers that it is a mistake to talk of British India as though the British governed the whole country. There are, as a matter of fact, some seven hundred native States, covering over a third of the total area, and inhabited by over 62,000,000 people, that are directly ruled by native Princes under a more or less nominal British suzerainty; and no feature of British rule in India has been more satisfactory than the moderation and foresight which have preserved this dual system of government. Its effects, on the whole, have been of the happiest; and in the loyalty of the native Princes and

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the general contentment of their subjects, the British Raj has long found one of its surest supports. The famous proclamation of 1858—the proclamation that closed the horrors of the Mutiny with a word of peace and hope—contained as its first pledge a definite undertaking that the territories, rights, dignity and honor of the native Princes would be scrupulously respected. The powers and possessions and privileges of these potentates, and their relations with the British Government, are thus regulated by covenants that have never been and are never likely to be infringed. It was no empty form of words when the King-Emperor in September, 1914, declared that "paramount regard for treaty faith and the pledged word of rulers and peoples is the common heritage of England and of India." That regard is the sheet-anchor and security of all the native Princes, of all their subjects, and of all the independent States beyond the border with which the British Government has entered into relationship. Weaken the respect for treaties, adopt the Teutonic view of them as mere scraps of paper liable to be torn up at any moment by the stronger party, and India at once drifts rudderless into chaos. Apart, therefore, from the deep Oriental instinct of reverence for good faith, for loyalty to one's bond, apart from the moral detestation provoked by Germany's onslaught upon Belgium, the Princes and Ruling Chiefs of India recognized in that act and in the doctrine which lay behind it a menace to the very foundations of their own polities.

With one accord they took up arms against it. The Nizam of Hyderabad, governing a people twice as numerous as the people of the Netherlands and three times as numerous as the people of Ireland, offered at once $2,000,000 towards the cost of the war. The Maharaja of Mysore, with more subjects than the King of Sweden, was scarcely less munificent. The Maharaja of Gwalior, the ruler of a greater State than Denmark, gave $1,500,000 from his private purse to equip a hospital ship. Prince after Prince tendered their personal services and placed at the disposal of the Government their troops, their treasuries, their jewels, their horses and camels, the entire resources of their States. The chiefs of the border tribes, who love nothing better than an occasional raid on British territory, sent loyal messages and offers of support. From independent States beyond the frontier, like Nepal and Tibet, came assurances of sym-

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pathy backed up by free-handed pledges of military and financial assistance. All over Tibet innumerable Lamas offered up prayers for the success of British arms. Inside the British-ruled dominions in India the same demonstrative enthusiasm prevailed. "In fact," said Lord Crewe at the time, "there is only one spirit and one movement over the whole of India. The Viceroy has received thousands of telegrams and letters from every quarter expressing loyalty and the desire to assist; and the local administrations have also received a vast number. They have come from every community, from all manner of different associations, religious and political, from all the different creeds, and from countless numbers of individuals offering their resources or their personal services." The native members on the various governing councils delivered speeches, and the native journalists wrote articles breathing nothing but the most generous loyalty and gratitude, and insisting unanimously that India asked for nothing better than to bear her full share of the burdens of the war. Political agitation suddenly and utterly ceased. The educated classes, from whose ranks had come the most formidable opponents of British rule, were now the first to profess a fervent loyalty. The mass of the people found a thousand touching ways of testifying to their faith in the justice and integrity of their British governors and their devotion to the Crown. Instead of an India of gloom, unrest and schism, the lightnings of the war revealed to us an India in a state of exuberant loyalty, fused into a single whole, and fearful only lest full advantage should not be taken of its spirit of sacrifice and the services it was yearning to render.

To appreciate the greatness of this miracle of unity one must remember what India is. Except technically and geographically, it is not a country at all. It is a continent, and a continent so vastly diversified in race, religion, language, physical conditions and degrees of civilization, that Western experience offers nothing with which to compare it. Imagine the United Kingdom and all Europe under the single rule of Japan; conceive the peoples of the British Isles and of all the countries of Europe, while retaining intact their own speech and faiths and peculiar customs and characteristics, taken up, jumbled together, and poured out again, anyhow and nohow, so that there are as many Frenchmen, Magyars, Irishmen, Spaniards, Finns, Italians and so on in Germany

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as there are Germans, so that all existing boundaries become meaningless, so that peoples of the most varied development and attainments, holding different beliefs, speaking different tongues, and nourished, it may be, on mutual and inveterate antipathies, dwell side by side in hourly contact—picture all this, and some faint conception will be formed of that polyglot chaos we carelessly label "India." It is the beginning of all Indian wisdom to realize that no countries and no peoples in Europe differ from one another so profoundly as countries and peoples differ in India; that there is no such thing as an Indian nation or as the Indian people or as an Indian consciousness of unity and solidarity; and that among its three hundred millions are races as antagonistic to one another as the Pole to the Prussian or the mongoose to the snake, and as far removed from one another in interests, culture and instincts as the New Englander from the Patagonian. But even these stupendous facts are far from telling the whole tale. The forty-three distinct nationalities or races, the nine main religions—not sects, but religions—and the one hundred and eighty-five languages and dialects that are spoken between the Himalayas and Cape Comorin are only a hint of the endless mosaical complexities of the Indian structure. All these lines of division are themselves divided and subdivided again by the twenty-five hundred castes and their offshoots into which the peoples of the peninsula have been sectionalized. And this amazing congeries, comprising a fifth of the population of the world, is presided over by relatively a mere handful of strangers drawn from a distant island in the North Sea. Judge, then, of the force of that sentiment which even for a moment could overcome this infinity of cross-currents and unite all the peoples of India in a single mind and a single aspiration.

There was no mistaking the direction in which when the war came the wishes of India overwhelmingly pointed. They would be satisfied with nothing less than the actual participation in the struggle of the native Indian soldiery. The British Government neither suggested nor invited the employment of Indian troops on the battlefields of Europe. It was in a manner forced upon them by the vehement and repeated demands of the Indian peoples themselves. To have refused such an offer would have been an act of unstatesmanlike churlishness. It would have chilled and hu-

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miliated every Indian of whatever race or creed under our flag. Both the Government in England and the English people did the right thing when they accepted, precisely in the spirit in which it was tendered, the magnificent contribution that India was prepared to make. In no other way could Indian sentiment be gratified or the bonds that link British and Indian destinies receive so striking an affirmation. Up to the present, India has put not less than 200,000 fighting men into the field. They were of vital use in stemming the German thrust at Calais, and but for them I do not see where we could have found the troops for the campaigns in Mesopotamia, in East Africa, in Egypt and Gallipoli. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the present Secretary of State for India, declared, in a remarkable interview with him which was published recently by Edward Marshall in a New York newspaper, that in all these regions the Indian troops had shown "fine military qualities—courage, discipline, and uncomplaining endurance of hardship." That is the bare truth. Fighting under an alien sky, with unfamiliar weapons and amid novel and depressing conditions, the Indian forces have more than lived up to the reputation of the fighting races from which they were drawn. To say that, for anyone who knows their quality, is to say all. But the great experiment of using them in Europe has served other than military ends. They have been admitted to the equal brotherhood of arms; they have fought side by side with British troops; they have been nursed in English hospitals and have experienced at first hand the kindliness of the English people; and they have seen and been tremendously impressed by the spectacle of British power extended to its uttermost. For decades and generations to come the tales of the great war in which the native and the British forces shared as comrades the perils and honors of the field will pass from mouth to mouth through the remotest villages of India, creating and intensifying between rulers and ruled the precious bond of sympathy.

There is one aspect of this matter I should like particularly to emphasize because it demolishes most effectually the fallacy that British rule in India rests upon force. In the interview from which I have already quoted, Mr. Chamberlain stated that the total garrison of India consists of 80,000 British and 160,000 native troops. In other words, the native army in India is twice as large as the British.

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The sword which Britain wields in India is thus preponderantly in native hands, and if India, as some have asserted, is "overawed by superior military force," it is chiefly through the agency of the Indians themselves. As a matter of fact, millions upon millions of Indians go through life without once seeing the gleam of a British bayonet or the face of a British soldier; and when one remembers that a total force of 240,000 men, two-thirds of whom are natives, has for fifty years maintained an unbroken domestic peace and insured an absolute security of life and property among 300,000,000 people scattered over a territory of a million and a half square miles, and has safeguarded both people and territory against invasion from the north; and that, in proportion to population, this force is much smaller even than the American army, one sixtieth the size of the German, and about one-hundredth the size of the French, one needs nothing more to dismiss with contempt the "brute strength" theory of British rule in India.

And what has happened as the result of the war? Of the 80,000 trained British troops who were in India in August, 1914, 60,000 have been withdrawn and the places of two-thirds of them taken by Territorials from home, whose military efficiency is about on a par with that of the better regiments in the National Guard; and of the 160,000 trained native troops who were in India in August, 1914, 80,000, or exactly half, have been sent out of the country. The total force in India has thus been reduced by nearly one-half in numbers and by considerably over one-half in efficiency. And this in the middle of a great conflict, when the minds of the illiterate and credulous Indian masses are agitated by a thousand rumors, when German agents and native malcontents are doing what they can to stir up trouble, and when anything in the nature of serious disturbances in the peninsula would hamstring British military power almost as effectively as a defeat at sea. What is the explanation of it? The explanation is so simple that a great many people fail to see it. It is that we trust the peoples of India, that we have confidence not merely in the assurances they have proffered since the war began but in their general contentment under our rule, and that we know the disaffected and the sedition-mongers to represent not more than from one-sixth to one-third of one per cent. of the population. Therefore we have left ourselves all but defenseless against a

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popular uprising. If the Indian peoples really want to be rid of us, now is their incomparable opportunity. We believe they cherish no such wish, that they do not desire our expulsion or overthrow, and that if our rule in India is not rooted in its justice, its impartiality, and its benevolence, and cannot stand on its own merits, then force alone can never save it. That belief, without a moment's hesitation, without the shadow of a misgiving, we are now putting to a supreme and unexampled test.

So far the event has justified us. India since the war has given us not one hour of real anxiety. She has been admirably tranquil, resolute and faithful. Certain precautionary measures have had to be taken, some disquieting incidents, mainly fomented by professional revolutionaries who make their headquarters in California, have occurred, but there has been absolutely nothing to justify the alarmist rumors which occasionally find their way into the American press. If the Germans hoped or calculated that a revolt in India would either follow automatically on Great Britain's participation in a European war or could be instigated by any machinations of theirs, they must today be the most pathetically disappointed people on this planet. Even Turkey's adhesion to the Central Powers and her attempt to proclaim a Holy War left the 60,000,000 Mohammedans in India merely scornful. The Nizam of Hyderabad, the greatest of all the Mohammedan Princes, whose deposition is one of the recurrent fairy-tales of the German press campaign in the United States, instantly threw the Young Turks overboard and denied that this was in any sense a religious war; and his action was immediately followed by other leaders and rulers of his faith.

I do not suppose that feeling among the mass of the Indian peoples has preserved through the past eighteen months all of its first intensity. But it has never wavered in the strength of its allegiance to the King-Emperor or in its fervent prayers for the triumph of British arms. I wish that I could reprint in full the wonderful speech delivered by Sir S. T. Sinha at the thirtieth meeting of the National Congress last December. It was at once a statesmanlike declaration of Indian claims and aspirations and a transparently sincere pledge of loyalty and good will. But I must content myself with summarizing the resolution which the Congress, the headquarters in other days of most of the

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criticism and much of the opposition to which the British Raj was exposed, finally adopted. "On behalf of the people of India" the Congress begged to convey to the King-Emperor "their deep loyalty and profound devotion to the throne, their unswerving allegiance to the British connection and their firm resolve to stand by the Empire at all hazards and at all costs." Perhaps even more significant was the resolution passed in January at the annual meeting of the All-India Moslem League. It noted "with deep satisfaction the steadfast loyalty of the Mussulman community to the British Crown," and it assured the King-Emperor that his Government might "continue to rely upon the loyal adhesion to and support of the Imperial cause by the Mussulmans of India." Such utterances, combined with the tranquillity of the country and the unceasing flow of gifts and offers of service and native recruits, show that India stands today just where she stood in those crucial August days of 1914. I am not sure, as I began by saying, that the war has produced any greater fact than this. On India's place in the Empire, on her mechanism of government, and on her relations with Great Britain and with all who hold authority within her boundaries, it is a fact that is bound to leave an abiding and I believe a beneficent mark.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

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biography entitled, *The Chicago & Alton Case: A Misunderstood Transaction,* in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for January. With simple faith and extraordinary audacity this journalist plunges head-first into one of the most complicated episodes in Harriman's career, in an endeavor to make it appear "one of the great railroad achievements of the time."

Taken by itself this contribution deals merely with a relatively insignificant transaction. The Chicago & Alton reorganization was just a curtain-raiser for the great speculative railroad drama of 1898-1903. But it has become a classic in American corporate finance. It was an unusually clever bit of stock watering. It substantiates peculiarly well the need of Federal regulation of railroad security issues. Furthermore, it offers a choice opportunity for a disquisition upon morals in the conduct of business. It is quite immaterial to the public at large that expensively bound copies of this particular article have been lavishly bestowed upon newspapers, bankers and publicists throughout the country, regardless of expense. The caustic arraignment of my version of the affair in a recent volume on railroad finance [1] is likewise unimportant, except as an inducement to enter the lists in championship of others. What really matters is that the integrity of the Interstate Commerce Commission—an administrative body which the American people are bound before long to clothe with authority to regulate the issue of railroad securities—is impugned; that the presidential record of Theodore Roosevelt is viciously attacked; and that the only sure remedy for most of our financial ills in the field of railroading and of big business—downright, as distinguished from specious publicity—is entirely misconceived.

Before we consider who killed Cock Robin, it is pertinent to ascertain how dead he really is. Wherein the public has a vested interest in his demise, if proved, will appear later. Chicago & Alton common stock sold at $175 per share—the preferred at $200—in 1898 when the Harriman syndicate bought it. Eight per cent dividends had then been paid for a long time. Alton stock now sells at about $8.00 per share. The bonds—$10,000,000 of them for which the life insurance companies paid 96—now sell under 60. The Alton 3½s sell at about 45. The road has failed to earn even its fixed charges since 1912 by about $6,600,000, the deficit growing

[1] *Railroads: Finance and Organization;* 1915.

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larger year by year. Profit and loss on the liability side of the balance sheet for 1915 stands at $7,451,000. Nothing but the recent investment by the Union Pacific of $8,417,000 in its new bond issues—there being no public market therefor—has kept the Alton out of receivership. This explains the anomaly of operation by the Union Pacific, although the majority of the Alton capital stock is still owned by the Clover Leaf. Whether this powerful creditor will be able to galvanize it into life through use as a connection into Chicago, time alone can tell. Cock Robin appears to be dead. Whether it was Harriman or some one else who dealt the fatal blow,—whether the former was indeed a "veray parfit gentil Knight" in business or whether he was an "undesirable citizen,"—has a certain bearing upon the fitness of Theodore Roosevelt to be a candidate once more for President of these United States.

What actually happened was as follows: In 1898 the Chicago & Alton was a trig little railroad about one thousand miles long, possessing one of the best physical locations as to distance, grade and curvature between Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City. It had been raised by hand, milk fed and personally conducted, by a management which had grown up on the job. It had been upbuilt out of surplus earnings through past years, over and above ample and regular dividends. Its capitalization, according to the Annual Report of 1894, represented less than 60 per cent "of the actual cost of the property in its present improved condition." But President Blackstone was growing old. Youthful railroad systems were springing up on all sides, each intent upon securing an entrance into Chicago over its own rails for all traffic from beyond the great rivers. The road's former lucrative business as a through line was "drying up." Pet lambs, even among railroads, cannot subsist in the company of cub lions without something happening in the course of time! At this juncture, in 1898, Harriman headed a syndicate which bought practically all its capital stock. The total capitalization was thereupon, within seven years, expanded from $33,951,000 to more than $114,000,000,—an *increase* of securities exceeding $60,000 per mile, that being about the average net capitalization of the railroads of the United States at the present time. According to the oral argument of Judge Lovett, now Chairman of the Union Pacific Board, the property was

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> Worth approximately $59,000,000. . . . They issued $94,000,000 of par value for what cost them $57,000,000. That is a clear and graphic way of stating it. * * * * * *
> Com'r. Harlan: They simply bought an opportunity. Was not that it?
> Mr. Cravath: Undoubtedly.

This "opportunity" was realized by first placing a $40,000,000 3 per cent mortgage upon the property as it stood, to take up $8,500,000 worth of first mortgage bonds, to make improvements—only $18,000,000 was, however, actually expended for this purpose—and "for other corporate purposes." (See table on following page.) This left a net increase of $62,000,000 of stock and liabilities without one dollar of consideration. Most of these new bonds were sold to stockholders—the syndicate—at 65; and these stockholders, for the most part, promptly disposed of them to the public at prices ranging from 80 to 96. A New York life insurance company bought $10,000,000 of them at 96, even before they were listed, apparently. The injunction against not letting the right hand know what the left hand doeth, was not too scrupulously observed, corporatively, before the days of the Hughes life insurance investigation! Then, out of the 65 cents on the dollar realized by the Alton Railroad through the sale of its bonds, the principal stockholders voted themselves a dividend of 30 per cent, amounting to $6,669,180,—which fact, by the way, *was never reported to the Interstate Commerce Commission.* The transaction was fulfilled through an exchange by the syndicate of their Alton *Railroad* stock for the shares of a new *Railway* holding company, to which the old *Railroad* was then tied up by a long lease. The purpose of this complicated arrangement will be evident shortly. The stock of this holding *Railway* company, carrying control, then found a resting place in the treasuries of the Union Pacific and the Rock Island roads in turn. It was then foisted upon the so-called Clover Leaf, until that road went into bankruptcy. And now, at last, the poor little moribund waif has come back into the lap of the Union Pacific, Harriman's own railroad. What will become of it next? Physically fitted to be one of the most efficient lines between three of our greatest inland cities, having been financially assassinated thus, it lies prostrated. An "opportunity," industrially lost by the people because privately exploited for the profit of a few!

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HARRIMAN INVESTIGATION.

[*Official I. C. C. Syllabus*]	Page No. Vol. 7	Page No. Oral Argument	Page No. Vol. of Exhibits
The books of the Company, on December 31, 1898, showed that the value of the property was $39,935,887	42, 93, 94, 422	...	...
and the stock and funded debt and other liabilities amounted to $33,951,407	422	...	...
About this time the Harriman syndicate purchased the Chicago & Alton at $200 for the preferred stock and $175 for the common, or at a total cost of $39,042,200	76, 82, 127, 151, 445	15	...
Thence on until June 30, 1906, the capital indebtedness of the C. & A. expanded from $33,951,407 to an amount between about $114,000,000 and $122,000,000	94–96, 418, 422, 426	176	182
an increase of about $80,000,000	97	...	165
Of this only $18,000,000 was actually expended in improvements, etc.	96, 122, 278, 419, 424	176	180
leaving $62,000,000 increase of stock and liabilities without one dollar of consideration	98	176	...
This was done by placing a $40,000,000 3% mortgage on the property	44, 119, 141, 386	9	164
to take up $8,500,000 of first mortgage bonds	44, 56, 143, 437	179	...
and to make improvements, additions, and for "other corporate purposes"	...	...	...
These bonds were sold to stockholders at about 66 cents on the dollar [*Apparently 65; W. Z. R.*]	50, 120, 143, 426	9	...
the syndicate obtaining nearly all	45, 49	...	...
owning at that time 218,138 shares of stock out of 222,306 outstanding	43	...	...
But only $32,000,000 of the $40,000,000 issue was sold	44, 426	...	...
the syndicate disposing of what it had obtained at a profit of about $8,000,000	105, 107, 108	...	...
Of the remaining $8,000,000 issue, $7,000,000 was pledged as security for a $5,000,000 loan, and the remaining $1,000,000 was retained in the treasury	95, 96, 423	...	...
Out of about 66 cents on the dollar realized by the R.R. the principal stockholders voted themselves a dividend of 30 per cent, amounting to $6,669,180	55, 105, 107, 108, 427, 447	18	...
which was never reported to the I.C.C.	...	...	...
It did appear that $10,000,000 of them went into one of the great New York life insurance companies at about 96 cents on the dollar	48 344–5–6–7–8	21, 179	175

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The most succinct defense of the foregoing transactions is contained in the following introduction to the argument of Paul D. Cravath, counsel for the Harriman syndicate:

> There is no doubt . . . that another purpose and effect of this recapitalization was to create securities, the aggregate par value of which exceed the intrinsic demonstrated value of the property at the time those securities were created. . . . A portion of these new securities, chiefly the common stock . . . represented the future of the property . . . the added value which was expected to result . . . from the application of new methods and on account of the growth of the country. . . .
>
> But . . . we are dealing with the period which immediately followed the depression of 1893 . . . when very different standards were being applied from those applied now and when many things were not only permissible, but were approved, which, under existing conditions and under the conservative influences which have come from success and from our rapid development, are now regarded at least as unwise.

The foregoing admission that the Alton reorganization may be "now regarded at least as unwise"—a piece of bad business—few will question nowadays. The Rock Island, Frisco and other companies have since demonstrated only too clearly that corporations with such a superfluity of stocks that even preferred shares could not possibly be marketed near par, must perforce finance all future needs through bond issues or notes; and that the constantly growing burden of fixed charges cannot lead otherwise than downhill toward bankruptcy,—where in fact, as we have just seen, the Alton has fetched up. But this affair is not merely a case of unwise financing. It is abject moral delinquency—bad faith and unfair practise—which merits our serious attention. This is where the chasm between Harriman's advocates and his critics yawns most wide and deep. It is one thing to trade off a spavined nag, as spavined; it is quite another to dispose of it as a trotter. Everything hinges upon two points: first, whether frank and full publicity prevailed; and secondly, whether those who bought the Alton stocks from the syndicate were induced to purchase them under a consequent misapprehension as to their value. Whether Harriman "lost control," as Mr. Kennan states,—having this precious possession "wrested" from him; or whether he was glad to have it off his hands, affords a test of the faith entertained in the outcome of the reorganization. Proof of willful decep-

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tion also fully accounts for the relative immunity from criticism of the Alton syndicate until the Interstate Commerce Commission made its investigation in 1907 [1]; and it incidentally disposes of the charge that personal animosity of President Roosevelt brought about the public condemnation visited upon the reorganization. So adroitly was everything concealed that not even the Rock Island "crowd"—not unskillful in the ways of Wall Street—suspected the actual situation until they had acquired a half interest in the road. Thus the proof of deceptive accounting has a direct bearing upon the ulterior purpose of the Harriman syndicate. If everything was indeed straightforward and constructive, open and above-board, what was the use of juggling the accounts in the face of such anticipated expansion and prosperity for the property? Concealment, besides suggesting duplicity, demands a motive. Men do not falsify for fun. The relations between the Harriman syndicate and its customers, the Rock Island people, must be clearly understood.

The whole-hearted and disinterested confidence of Mr. Harriman in the future of his reorganized Alton property, we may learn from his own lips.[2] Harriman was never a dodger when cornered. He was a good sport, that way.

Mr. Kellogg: Then you consider it legitimate, do you, to put $19,000,000 of common stock on the public that will never pay a dividend?

Mr. Harriman: Did we ever say to the public that we would pay a dividend?

Mr. Kellogg: You say the public can take care of themselves in buying stock? Don't you think that when stock of a railroad is put out, there is some implied obligation at some time to pay something on it?

Mr. Harriman: Yes, sir. * * * * *

Mr. Kellogg: But you put on the market nearly $40,000,000 of stock, on half of which you have paid no dividends, is not that true?

Mr. Harriman: Undoubtedly that is so.

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[1] Compare, however, U. S. Industrial Commission, 1901, Vol. XIX, page 407, and the editorial in the New York *Evening Post*, February 26, 1907, as to the long-standing suspicion in Wall Street concerning this "very peculiar" transaction.

[2] All the New York papers reprinted this testimony of February 25-6, 1907, word for word. My quotations, however, are from the official stenographic record.

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Mr. Kellogg: And this syndicate had some of their common stock hadn't they?

Mr. Harriman: You ask the Rock Island people, they may know.

Mr. Kellogg: I think they do know, quite likely. I will ask them. You unloaded the stock on somebody else?

Mr. Harriman: I don't know whether you call it unloading. They can tell you. They are carrying the load.

Even the New York *Sun*—hardly a Populist organ—labelled this sally, "The Rock Island Carrying the Bag"; while the *Times*, noting the chuckle which according to eye witnesses accompanied the statement, heralded it as "Another Harriman Joke."

How did the Rock Island people, on their part, regard the affair—not over-squeamish veterans as they were in the subtler arts of railroad finance? This time let their new Alton Auditor be the spokesman.

Mr. Kellogg: In what condition did you find . . . the Chicago & Alton Railway Company, the consolidated company?

Mr. Hillard: Well, about the first thing that came to me was the preparation of a plan to obtain additional money that was absolutely necessary. * * * * * *

Mr. Kellogg: Well, what did you do to make an investigation to find out how to pay for the line of road and what did you find? State generally.

Mr. Hillard: . . . after considerable hunting around I discovered that that road (a 34½ mile cut-off between the two Alton lines) which was not completed and was not constructed at all, had been already mortgaged, and that therefore there was no possibility of getting any bonds on it, unless we could float a second mortgage which was very poor security. * * * * * *

Mr. Kellogg: All that $22,000,000 of bonds are outstanding?

Mr. Hillard: Yes sir.

Mr. Kellogg: And the company has been compelled to issue . . . over $5,000,000 car trust certificates, has it not?

Mr. Hillard: Yes. . . . Up to the present date they (the Rock Island people) have issued over $5,000,000 of car trust certificates.

Mr. Kellogg: And with the $40,000,000 first mortgage, 3 per cent bonds, it has been compelled to borrow money, has it not? . . . And now has no money available for the completion of the road which was covered by this second mortgage of $22,000,000?

* * * * * *

Mr. Kellogg: They had mortgaged the road and issued and sold the bonds, but had not built it.

Mr. Hillard: That is right. * * * * *

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Mr. Kellogg: It has had to provide money in addition to all these securities?

Mr. Hillard: Yes sir.

Mr. Kellogg: I guess that is all.

This was the condition, be it recalled, of a railroad which had just issued $80,000,000 in stock and bonds for $18,000,000 of actual improvements "and for other corporate purposes."

Both the balance sheet and the revenue account under the Harriman administration were smothered in a number of ways. As for the former, it would be too tedious and technical to follow the matter in detail. But the result may be stated in the words of an impartial expert, Thomas W. Mitchell:[1]

> Apparently the company had made enormous expenditures upon its property and equipment, raising funds by means of bond, equipment bond and stock sales. But all of this is merely on the surface. The Chicago & Alton reports furnish an excellent example of the errors into which an investor might fall if he depended solely upon an analysis of the statements contained therein as a source of information. . . . The above account illustrates the method by which a corporation could inflate its capitalization . . . without the appearance of stock watering, etc.

And then in the second place, the income account was completely obscured through the device of the *Railway* holding company which alone reported its income from the operating *Railroad,* regardless of the actual earnings of the latter. Lest we overstate the case, take the conclusion once more from the foregoing expert:

> Out of the rental received by it, the Chicago & Alton Railroad Company might build up a large surplus or an equally large deficiency year by year, and in neither case would the stock or bond holders of either company, except those who were officers, have the faintest suspicion of its existence.

In order to spike once and for all the contention repeatedly made by Harriman and his counsel that everything was open and above board,—because forsooth a few flimsy formalities requisite for listing on the Stock Exchange were complied with,—one further bit of evidence from the new Rock Island auditor is worth hearing. This time the testi-

[1] *Journal of Accountancy,* 1907, p. 219.

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FEDERAL FINANCIAL RAILWAY REGULATION

THE ALTON AS A TEST CASE

BY WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY

THE life of any man who, like Edward H. Harriman, can rise from comparative obscurity and indigence to the possession of a fortune exceeding $100,000,000 within the short span of eleven years, is indubitably, like his railroads, "affected with a public interest." The scope of Harriman's influence at the time of his death in 1909 was continental. He controlled fifty thousand miles of railway—more than there were in existence in the entire country at the close of the Civil War. He was a dominant factor in the inner circles of the greatest banking institutions. The vast resources of the New York life insurance companies were at his disposition. Ramifications of his political power, Federal and State, extended to every quarter of the land. State and even national conventions took his orders. Members of Congress did his bidding. Laws were enacted at his will. Only two men ever dared to block his path. The late J. P. Morgan stood between him and the possession of the Northern Pacific Railroad in 1901; and Theodore Roosevelt thwarted his purpose to become an absolute dictator of the transportation affairs of the United States.

Such extraordinary performance can never be justly appraised at close range; but a sufficient interval has now elapsed to warrant an estimate of the man and to view him in perspective among the stirring events of his time. Mr. George W. Kennan, officially introduced as a well-known author and traveler, whose works include *Siberia and the Exile System, Campaigning in Cuba* and *The Tragedy of Pelée,* apparently presents a chapter of his official

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mony relates to the capitalization of the surplus, partially constituted of past expenditures for improvements, which had been " ploughed in " to the property. The 30 per cent. cash dividend was first charged against this surplus, and then the discount on the new bonds—that is to say, the difference between 65, at which they were sold, and the par value, at which they must be redeemed ultimately—was charged against the balance of this surplus, completely dissipating it.

Mr. Kellogg: But charging the discount on bonds against this would cover it up on the books, would it not?

Mr. Hillard: Yes.

Mr. Kellogg: It would tend to obscure it would it not?

Mr. Hillard: Yes, so far as the public were concerned.

Mr. Kellogg: It would cover it up so far as any man looking over the books was concerned?

Mr. Hillard: No; any man looking over the books would see it, but any man looking over the annual report would not. * * *

Mr. Kellogg: Then, so far as the annual reports made to the stock holders or to the public is concerned, they would not see that?

Mr. Hillard: No, they would not see that. * * * * * *

Comr. Lane: If those things could be done . . . would not a practise of that sort destroy the integrity and uniformity of railroad accounts generally?

Mr. Hillard: It would upset the whole system.

The conclusion to which we come, then, is this—and its importance alone warrants this tedious rehearsal of a bit of ancient history: that neither the public nor the investing class will ever be assured against the recurrence of scandals like the Alton, the Frisco, the Rock Island and the New Haven, until there is a veritable acceptance of the principle of *genuine,* as distinguished from tinsel, publicity of accounts. No half truths will answer. The letter killeth but the spirit giveth life. And real publicity means such frankness between directors and those whom they represent, as is the expression of a refined and lively sense of trusteeship and accountability for the outcome of their management. Nor may the public be left out of account. To bleed a railroad white and then turn it loose upon one's neighbors to die a lingering death, ought not to be tolerated by law. And when Federal incorporation of railroads and of big businesses comes—as come it must in due season—it will make ample provision for the prevention of the holding company abuse,

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of indirection of accounting methods, and for a reasonably greater liability on the part of directors than now prevails under the laws of the several American commonwealths.

The record of Theodore Roosevelt in this Alton affair is completely unsullied. There is not a shred of evidence to show that Harriman's refusal to contribute to the Republican campaign fund in 1906, leading up to the "undesirable citizen" episode, had anything whatever to do with the Interstate Commerce Commission investigation. This matter has been fully covered by Mr. Roosevelt himself in his *Presidential Addreses and State Papers* and in the accompanying letter published herewith:

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.,
January 19th, 1916.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR RIPLEY:

I have just been sent a pamphlet called "The Chicago and Alton Case," written by a Mr. George Kennan.[1]

This pamphlet seems to be chiefly an attack upon you, but it is also an attack on the Interstate Commerce Commission, including especially Commissioner Prouty, but also Mr. Franklin Lane and the other Commissioners. Moreover, it includes several statements about my action. The author, Mr. Kennan, on page 39, in condemning the Interstate Commerce Commissioners, says "*Suppressio veri, suggestio falsi.*" I agree with him. I further agree that the suppression of the truth, and the suggestion or insinuation of the false, are morally as obnoxious as the lie direct; and are even meaner than the lie direct, because, on the whole, they are more cowardly. Mr. Kennan states that I had a disagreement with Mr. Harriman in the Fall of 1906, saying that Mr. Harriman thought that I had "failed to observe the terms of a mutual understanding." He states that Mr. Harriman refused to contribute to the Republican Party when asked to do so by James S. Sherman, for the alleged reason that I had not kept faith with him and that this was made known to me "perhaps with an unfair or inaccurate statement of the reasons for it"; and that I thereupon assumed toward Mr. Harriman an attitude of hostility, and "finally characterized him in a letter to Representative Sherman as an undesirable citizen" (incidentally, the "finally" is a misleading word, for I made the characterization given as soon as Mr. Sherman repeated the statement to me). Mr. Kennan then speaks of a controversy over the matter, due to the publication of a copy of a private letter written by Mr. Harriman to a Mr. Sidney Webster, and in this controversy he states that "the

[1] [Published first in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, January, 1916.—EDITOR.]

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President denied and Mr. Harriman reaffirmed the accuracy of the statements made therein."

This entire matter has been published in full, again and again, and brought out under oath in the testimony before the Senate Investigating Committee, controlled by my political opponents, in the Fall of 1912. The detailed republication of the letters written at that time between Mr. Harriman and myself, and my comments on them, will be found on pages 846 to 858 inclusive in the 5th volume of my *Presidential Addresses and State Papers.* The letters there given verbatim between myself and Mr. Harriman, must of course be known to Mr. Kennan, and the reading of them is incompatible with the assumption that Mr. Kennan or anyone else is honest in stating that there was the slightest possibility of a " disagreement or misunderstanding " as to what I had said or as to my " keeping faith." It was Mr. Sherman who himself made known to me what Mr. Harriman had said to him, which was in substance repeated by Mr. Harriman in his letter to Mr. Webster. Mr. Kennan says that " Perhaps " Mr. Sherman made " an unfair or inaccurate statement "—Mr. Sherman being the only person who made the statement to me, until I saw the Webster letter published. Mr. Sherman was afterwards Vice-President of the Untied States, and the newspapers reported Mr. Harriman as backing him for that position. This is not compatible with the belief by Mr. Harriman that Mr. Sherman had been guilty of falsehood. Mr. Kennan conceals the reasons why I spoke of Mr. Harriman as an " undesirable citizen," and of course the ordinary reader of his paper would think it was on account of the railway transaction in question. In reality they were as follows:

In my letter to Mr. Sherman of October 8th, 1906, I said: " You informed me that Mr. Harriman told you that he did not care in the least who was elected, because those people were crooks and he could buy them; that whenever he wanted legislation from the State Legislature he could buy it; that he could buy Congress, and, if necessary, he could buy the Judiciary. This was doubtless said partly in boastful cynicism and partly in a mere burst of bad temper, because of his objection to the Interstate Commerce Law and to my action as President, but it shows a cynicism and deep sunk corruption which make a man of such character at least as undesirable a citizen as Debs, or Moyer or Haywood."

This was my published statement, on the authority of Mr. Sherman; and two years later Mr. Harriman supported the same Mr. Sherman for Vice-President. If Mr. Kennan does not regard such boasts as indicating " undesirability " in a citizen, that is his affair. But when he conceals the reason why I spoke of Mr. Harriman as an undesirable citizen, he is guilty of the " *suppressio veri* " for which he condemns others. When he furthermore conceals the fact that the publication of my letter of October 14th, 1906, to Mr. Harriman

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(and of my other letters to him, and his to me) absolutely, and with no room for question of any kind, showed that my statements were entirely accurate, that I had absolutely kept faith, that there was no room whatever for misunderstanding or disagreement of memory, and that I not only did not ask anything of Mr. Harriman before election, but had explicitly told him in writing that what I had to say to him could be said as well after election—when he does this, Mr. Kennan is guilty of a further "*suppressio veri.*" When he furthermore fails to mention the fact that Mr. Loeb testified in absolute corroboration of my testimony, before the Senate Committee, he being the only other person present when I saw Mr. Harriman, he is guilty of a third "*suppressio veri.*" There was no chance whatever for any honest difference of opinion, and no man who is himself honest, and who has read the printed and published statements, can truthfully say that there was such chance.

Mr. Kennan continues: "It may be only a chronological coincidence, but it was in November, 1906, immediately after the rupture of friendly relations between the President and Mr. Harriman, that the Interstate Commerce Commission—either of its own initiative, or upon suggestion—began its investigation of the undesirable citizen's past activities." This is, of course, an innuendo—made in the meanest possible fashion—that this action might *not* represent "only a chronological coincidence." Mr. Kennan here is guilty of "*suggestio falsi.*" Mr. Franklin Lane, Mr. Prouty, Mr. Knapp, Mr. Harlan and Mr. Clark were, if I remember right, the Commissioners at that time. The suggestion that these men would listen to, or that I would make, a request that they proceed against a railroad president because of my personal disagreement with him, is monstrous in its iniquity, and equally monstrous in its absurdity. The man who makes such a suggestion is unfit to be believed on any point.

A little further on, Mr. Kennan states that, while Governor, I "signed a law allowing savings banks to invest in the securities of the Chicago & Alton Railroad," the implication being that I then approved of the conduct of Mr. Harriman in connection with the Chicago & Alton Railroad. Mr. Kennan, however, has himself previously said, on pages 3 and 17, that this acquisition of the Chicago & Alton by Mr. Harriman "excited little comment at the time," and that "serious, hostile criticism did not begin until several years later." He omits to state (what appears in the testimony) that I had, as Governor, announced (what I believe the Governors preceding and succeeding me also announced) that in legislation of this kind, I would follow the recommendation of the Savings Bank Association, refusing to sign any bill unless they endorsed it, and signing any bill they endorsed. The bill in question was recommended by the Savings Bank Association, and I signed it on their say-so. This was the proper course, and the only proper course. I had, at the

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time, no knowledge whatever of the transaction in question, and could not have had such knowledge.

It appears then that Mr. Kennan, wherever he speaks of my dealings with the affair, is guilty either of the "*suppressio veri,*" or of the "*suggestio falsi*" which he condemns.

I am not familiar with the other matters on which he touches in this case, but I am familiar with what he thus says about my relations with Mr. Harriman. In view of his methods of setting forth the statements above referred to; and, in view of the facts above stated; I would refuse to accept his unsupported assertion on any point whatever as establishing even a presumption of the accuracy of this assertion, as regards the other matters in the case—those with which I am not personally familiar.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Had the President ordered an investigation at the time it would have been only in the right line of his duty. Prosperity and speculative activity had brought about an orgy of disrespect for law, of cunning and of greed, of which this Alton reorganization was only a little more, perhaps, than a fair sample. And even in the absence of irregular practises, railroads and industrial concerns were being consolidated right and left, in a most disquieting fashion. John W. Gates described the prevailing spirit in the Louisville & Nashville —Atlantic Coast Line affair:

We bought the Louisville & Nashville just as you would buy a box of candy. It was wrapped up and delivered to us, and we paid $50,000,000 for it. That was all there was to it.

Somebody had to put a stop to this sort of thing, or else control of most of the property of the United States would soon have been lodged in the hands of a very small coterie of men. Listen to Mr. Harriman, questioned by Commissioner Lane, now Secretary of the Interior, who, by the way, wrote the very able and convincing Interstate Commerce Commission's opinion upon the subject:

A. I would go on with it. If I thought we could realize something more than we have got from these investments I would go on and buy some more things. * * * * * *

Q. Supposing that you got the Santa Fe? A. You would not let us get it.

Q. How could we help it? A. How could you help it? I think you would bring out your power to enforce the conditions of the Sher-

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man Anti-Trust Act pretty quick. If you will let us, I will go and take the Santa Fe to-morrow.

Q. You would take it to-morrow? A. Why, certainly I would; I would not have any hesitation; it is a pretty good property.

Q. Then it is only the restriction of the law that keeps you from taking it? A. I would go on as long as I live.

Q. Then after you had gotten through with the Santa Fe and had taken it, you would also take the Northern Pacific and Great Northern if you could get them. A. If you would let me.

Q. And your power, which you have, would gradually increase as you took one road after another, so that you might spread not only over the Pacific coast, but spread out over the Atlantic coast? A. Yes.

The most significant achievement of Theodore Roosevelt as President of the United States was the subjection of the great railroad business of the country to law and order, just as Andrew Jackson put an end to financial oligarchy in the field of banking. And it was just such occurrences as the Alton affair which finally enabled him to prevail over an opposition organized upon an unprecedented scale. It will be the recurrence of such affairs, as in the recent Rock Island, Frisco, and New Haven scandals, that will compel the Federal Government in time to assume the same sort of supervision over matters of finance which in 1906 was conferred upon it in respect of rates. All that can prevent this consummation will be a fixed determination among the bankers and the railroad men of the country to visit their most severe and united condemnation upon every member of their fraternity who violates the rules of the game. Among these rules a basic one is the prohibition of play with loaded dice; and dealings in the shares of a company by its own officers and directors, who profit by the misrepresentation of its affairs to the outside world, is just that and nothing else—gambling with loaded dice. Ostracism by the members of their own class, and not a chorus of invective against every academic "theorist" who dares to raise his voice in defense of fair play, will alone eliminate, once and for all, practises which, indulged in by a few, bring disrepute upon the great majority of railroad men who are well intentioned and straightforward in their dealings with their fellow citizens.

WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY.

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A FRIEND'S VIEW OF COLONEL HOUSE

BY HENRY HERBERT CHILDERS

Colonel House, comparatively unknown three years ago, is now a factor in the making of current history. This prominence came to him through his intimacy with President Wilson, and an earnest desire to serve his friend and his country.

Colonel House was born in Houston fifty-seven years ago; his father was a banker and land owner; he received a college education at Cornell; he married Miss Hunter, of San Marcus, and is the father of two daughters, who are married. In the early eighties he made his home in Austin, for the purpose of having easy access to the land office and the best records of Spanish grants, head-rights and land patents. His father owned thousands of acres, and clear title is an essential in the management of landed estates in Texas, where originally all the public domain was reserved to provide public school, asylum, university and other funds. When I met Mr. House some twenty years ago he was not called Colonel, nor has he earned the title since by any military service, nor as a National Guardsman. A Governor of Texas—maybe Lanham, or perhaps Sayers—without previous consultation, attached him to his staff as an aide-de-camp.

Colonel House has never tried to make money. His main effort has been to keep what his father left him, and to make it productive. His income does not exceed twenty thousand dollars a year. He was unknown in public life until the Hogg-Clark campaign in 1892, at the end of Governor Hogg's first term of office. Even then his movements were so noiseless that few knew he was interested in the

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result. Hogg was a progressive, Clark a reactionary. Both were Democrats. Hogg had the farmers, Clark the merchants. Hogg favored the regulation of railroads and a closer supervision over all private corporations. Clark's followers insisted that Hogg was trying to bankrupt the railroads and drive capital from the State. The campaign was bitter, and Hogg would have lost the fight if it had not been for House, who stood behind the curtain and pulled the strings.

When the 1894 campaign begun, the progressives (though not by that designation) were dominant, and Charles A. Culberson was Attorney-General of the State. Culberson had trailed along in harmony with Hogg's policies. Colonel House had kept in the background, but was counseling and standing by his friend, the retiring Governor. The candidates for the Governorship were Culberson, Richard M. Wynne, and John H. Reagan, of Confederate Cabinet fame, who had recently resigned from the United States Senate to become chairman of the first railway commission of Texas. No one took Wynne seriously. He was picturesque, broad-shouldered, six feet tall, with long hair such as Bailey used to wear and Vardaman wears now. Reagan was then past seventy, but he was the grand old man of Texas. He had served many years in the Lower House of Congress, had made a good record for earnest work and constant attendance, and afterwards had been sent to the Senate, there to serve acceptably, devoting his time chiefly to interstate commerce matters.

House picked Culberson. I was staff correspondent at Austin for the leading Democratic newspaper, and gave him my co-operation. So did a sufficient number of other newspaper men in order to make a working force for public opinion. Wynne soon withdrew, and the struggle lay between a popular, virile, handsome young son of the late David B. Culberson—of whom it had been said that he was, in his time, the best lawyer in Congress—and Reagan, a splendid survivor from a past age. Youth and eloquence meant much, but Culberson had House with him: that was the main point; and Culberson won. Subsequently Mr. House played the leading role in electing Sayers and Lanham. He rose gradually to be the most effective though the most quiet influence in the Democratic policies of the Southern States. He never has sought anything for himself.

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Perhaps the most remarkable thing that can be said of Colonel House is that during these four compaigns for Governor he never incurred the enmity of a single man, never had one heated controversy, never threatened, never browbeat, never punished. It is safe to say that he never sought to even up old scores with anyone, whatever the provocation. If he ever sought the friendship of any man, it is not on record. Place and power were not for him. He did not need them. They were not essential to his purposes. He belonged to no particular coterie, no clique. He was never known as the source of any plot. He had methods of his own, and they won out. His politics and his friendships were disinterested.

At this point in my picture it may serve a useful purpose to quote what E. S. Martin said of him in his book, *Reflections of a Beginning Husband:*

Another thing I find reassuring is the glimpses I get now and then of men who are at work providing government for the country; especially unadvertised men whom few people ever hear of, who hold no office and aspire to none; whose pictures are never in the papers, nor their names in the reporters' books or the mouths of the multitude. I heard the other day about one such person (Brookfield told me), a man of sufficient fortune—a million, I dare say—not a celibate like Thompson, but married and with a few children; a shrewd, experienced, thoughtful man, whose interest in life is and always has been politics, to handle the machinery of it and get the best results compatible with the material offered to pass laws and fill the offices, and the prejudices and mental disabilities of the voters. "I have known that man," Brookfield said, "for eighteen years, and watched him play politics all that time; plan and direct; weigh men and choose between them; use their talents and abilities when they had them; put them in places where thy belonged when he could; put in the next-best man when he couldn't. He always played fair; always wanted the best man, the best law, and the best principle that he could see, and never wanted anything for himself except the fun of playing the game. You couldn't drive him into office. He never tried to make a penny out of legislation. The less he was seen and heard of the better he liked it, but he recognized politics as the great man's game, and he liked to play it. No doubt the sense of power was pleasant to him, but his use of power was entirely conscientious, and the source of his power was never money, but the confidence that men had in his sagacity and unselfishness. Back in him somewhere there was, of course, a sense of duty and a belief in certain principles of government, and a sort of unconscious consecration to the desire to see our experiment in government go well and to see

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the country prosper. But the immediate interest that kept his mind busy was just a delight in guiding the political affairs of men.

I dare say Brookfield's man is an exceptional political boss; but I dare say, also, that in so far as we have, or ever have had, or will have, decent government, we owe it to somebody who has had a call to provide it for us, and has had the talents necessary to make his call effective. The rare thing about Brookfield's man, as he described him, was his self-effacement and superiority to vanity. He loved to play the game, but not only never thought of the gate-money, but never cared to be a grand-stand player. To do the job and do it well brought him the joy of a true artist in his art. As I said, I have felt encouraged about the future of politics in this country since I heard about him. If he had been a saint I wouldn't have been so much encouraged, but Brookfield represented him as a mere human being, like any of us, looking about for things that interested his mind and made life taste good, and finding them supremely in politics. It is an encouragement to find that our politics is so good a game that folks with money and brains enough to experiment with pleasures will play at it purely for their inward satisfaction, and without attention even to the applause. Of course, men of that temperament and that high degree of sagacity and self-control are rare, but we have our share of men with an insight into cause and effect, and an understanding of the human mind both in the individual and in the crowd, and with ability to hear what is going on when they put their ears to the ground, and with a lively interest in human affairs that must surely draw them into politics whenever they see that politics is a paramount interest. We have no picturesque Dukes of Devonshire drudging dutifully at government without vanity or political ambition, as fathers drudge for their families, and as Washington, maybe, drudged for us, but I believe we have a native product of our own that does like work, and quite as often with intelligence, because the work calls to them and because they not only feel the responsibilities of civilization, but find delight in undertaking them.

When he had achieved his marked success in making Governors of Texas some of his friends advised a national career. He was told that he could enlarge his ambitions and make or help to make a President of the United States. He entertained the idea, but he did not seek publicity. He gave no token of what he had in his mind, but he went to New York, in conformity with his custom at certain seasons, and began a quiet review of the Democratic situation. He studied the Republican position as well.

That was in 1904. I was then engaged at National Democratic headquarters, in the Speakers' Bureau, and talked

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with Mr. House about our chances of success. August Belmont and William F. Sheehan were influential in the campaign. Colonel House had a talk with Sheehan, and studied the situation—and that was the end of it so far as he was concerned. He saw what was going to happen long before Belmont or Sheehan or even Taggart, Chairman of the National Committee, did, and kept out. He voted for Parker, of course.

What about the succeeding Presidential election? Where was House then? He was around, but was not active, even quietly. He liked Bryan, personally. He believes in him, but does not worship him. About this time Gaynor was attracting attention as Mayor of New York. Colonel House saw and studied him. People told him Gaynor was peculiar. Some said he was crazy. Before anyone was aware that House was studying Gaynor, he had finished the task, and turned his head in another direction. House was looking for a man Bryan would accept, and while Bryan liked some things about Gaynor, he liked more things about Bryan. House did not think Bryan should run again, but he did not tell him so. That is not his way.

This was in 1908, and Bryan wanted another nomination, and got it. House again drew aside and looked on with consistent resignation to the inevitable. He knows as well as anybody that political parties must be allowed to butt their brains out occasionally. Consequently he did not waste any of his resourcefulness in that campaign. He kept out of it.

Colonel House's modesty amounts almost to diffidence. He will not get into a crowd if he can help it, and has never attended a convention of any kind, educational, religious, or political. He never wrote a newspaper communication, nor until recently has he submitted to an interview for publication. He never belonged to a church or order of any kind. He never posed; and yet one could not say that he has kept his light under a bushel.

When I say his diffidence makes him self-effacing, I do not mean that he is without force: he simply subordinates the personal equation to his public purpose, considers the work rather than himself as the worker. Force he has in plenty, but it is suave. His method employs the scalpel, not the club. But no man achieves influence without arousing envy. Not long ago I met in Washington a Senator from

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the Middle West, from whom I wanted a written endorsement. I showed the statesman a telegram from Colonel House, advising me to get endorsements of importance. Here is what he said:

"Who is Colonel House? They tell me you can't get anywhere unless he says so. I'm tired of hearing about Colonel House, Colonel House, all the time."

What about Colonel House's connection with the campaign of 1912? How did he meet Woodrow Wilson, and how long has he known him? Just precisely the hour and day when these friends met is not material, but, to be accurate, it was at 3 P. M. one day in the month of October, 1911, at a hotel in New York City, that Governor Wilson called on Colonel House, by appointment, perhaps arranged by William F. McCombs. Mr. Wilson was stopping at another hotel, and had to make his visit short, as he had another appointment with James D. Phelan, of San Francisco, at 4 P. M. Wilson and House took a fancy to each other immediately.

Colonel House's aversion to publicity, where his own undertakings are concerned, has generally been respected by his intimates. President Wilson has made public reference to him on several occasions without calling his name—as, for instance, in an address to the Motion Picture Association on the 27th of January, 1916, in New York City, in these words:

> We all in our hearts agree upon the fundamental principles of our lives, of our life as a nation. Now we ought to tax ourselves with the duty of seeing that those principles are realized in action, and no fooling about it. The only difficult things in life, ladies and gentlemen, are the applications of the principles of right and wrong. I can set forth the abstract principles of right and wrong, and so can you. But when it comes down to an individual item of conduct, whether in public affairs or private affairs—there comes the pinch! In the first place, to see the right way to do it, and in the second place, to do it that way. If we could only agree that in all matters of public concern we would adjourn our private interests, look each other frankly in the face and say, "We are all ready, at whatever sacrifice of our own interests, to do in common the thing that the common weal demands," what an irresistible force America would be!
>
> I can point out to you a few men—of course I am not going to name them now—whom every man ought to be afraid of because nothing but the truth resides in them. I have one in particular in

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mind whom I have never caught thinking about himself. I would not dare make a pretense in the presence of that man even if I wanted to. His eyes contain the penetrating light of truth before which all disguises fall away.

As germane to the subject of the meeting between President Wilson and Colonel House, I might add that W. F. McCombs, in the late summer of 1911, had received a pool contribution to the pre-convention Wilson campaign fund of ten thousand dollars, the contributors being William G. McAdoo, James D. Phelan, Cleveland H. Dodge, and one other, each giving twenty-five hundred dollars. In September of that year the money had all been spent, and, being refused further aid (except by Dodge), McCombs began to supply the necessary funds from his own private resources. In the spring of 1912, however, after Colonel House became interested in the nomination of Governor Wilson, there was plenty of money. Did Colonel House send McCombs a check? There is no record of such a remittance. But House was busy, nevertheless, and offset cash contributions with something better. How? By keeping Bryan, the perpetual candidate, from openly coming out for the nomination for the fourth time. Just what Colonel House said to Colonel Bryan, and just what answer Colonel Bryan gave Colonel House, is immaterial to the issue. Colonel House could not keep Bryan from being a candidate—for a candidate he was, every minute, before and during the Baltimore Convention, until the gavel fell, and he is a candidate now—but he could and did hold his activities in leash until the danger point was passed. President Wilson knew that Colonel House was handling matters in his interest and was performing good service. House knew Wilson needed Bryan in the convention. But Bryan did not want Wilson. Bryan wanted Bryan.

In pre-convention times McCombs kept Wilson headquarters at 42 Broadway. Colonel House never called. He and McCombs used the telephone. Every snag was placed in the way of Colonel House. At this time House was not familiar enough with the mechanism of national politics to do more than advise; but he did know what was going on in Texas, and had T. W. Gregory pulling wires there. When June came, Wilson was in the running, but he was going against both wind and tide. Clark then had much the best of it. House had played all his cards, had worked hard, and

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was much run down in health, but everybody thought he would surely attend the Baltimore Convention. Instead he sailed from Boston for Liverpool, none too confident of Wilson's nomination. The moment Wilson was nominated I sent him a wireless at sea, as he had requested.

Returning from abroad sooner than usual, he looked in at headquarters in the Fifth Avenue Building. Matters were at their worst. McCombs had gone to his hotel ill, and Wilson had asked McAdoo to take charge. McAdoo had built a tube connecting New York and Jersey City, which seemed to fill Mr. Wilson with confidence in his ability to run a campaign, but this did not keep headquarters from getting into a hopeless snarl. At this time House dropped in two or three times each day, refusing to have an office or desk, but keeping at work.

At the end of September the funds were spent, and the committee was $140,000 in debt. Even House was dismayed. McCombs, who was fretting over conditions, and over being supplanted by another as chief, was told of the state of the campaign treasury. This seemed to act as a stimulant. He pulled himself together, entered the chairman's office unannounced, turned McAdoo out, and went to work. He found Colonel House at his elbow. The funds again began to flow in, and at the close of the campaign more than a million dollars had been contributed. Colonel House was able to make McAdoo and McCombs think they liked each other. He has that faculty. House was cordial to both alike, but he liked Wilson best.

This brings me to the inauguration of President Wilson. At that time House was unknown in national politics, but his fame was fast increasing. As the President's friend, his responsibilities began to enlarge. Dealing with Texas politics is one thing; dealing with the affairs of a great republic is distinctively another. Aiding and comforting a governor is a trifle compared with giving a new President of the United States the right start. It is history now that House became Wilson's St. Peter. He sat on the right side—and there was no one on the left. It is safe to say that no private citizen was ever so close to a President. The relation was wholly different from that between President McKinley and Mark Hanna, who dictated appointments. House simply advises when asked; and he has been consulted often.

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After the election of 1912, Gregory went to represent this country at Mexico City. But Bryan objected. He did not want a border man in the place. This eventually worked well for Gregory, who suggested McReynolds, his classmate, for Attorney General, and himself was set to work on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad case. Gregory was from Austin, as was Burleson, the Postmaster General, but that did not act as a restraining influence with President Wilson. Gregory was promoted, in time. He was House's friend. Thomson, another of House's friends, from Austin went to Colombia, as Minister. Batts, another Austin man, a friend of Gregory and House, took Gregory's place as prosecutor in the New Haven case. This may look like undue favor for Texas, but it must be recalled that Texas was once a republic and in acres is an empire.

There is no use in growling about House's part in the selection of the Wilson Cabinet. Some like it. Some do not. I am positive the Colonel had nothing to do with the selection of the Secretary of Labor, and as little with Daniels's appointment. He was consulted as to all the others. President Wilson wanted to know about Franklin K. Lane. House looked him up, and pronounced him one of the best. Burleson had little trouble, because House had known him for twenty-five years. When the Middle West raised its voice for one of the Cabinet places, Houston from Missouri was considered—and appointed. He had lived in Texas many years as president of the Texas University and was a friend of Gregory and Colonel House. It is not likely that House bothered himself much about Redfield. He seemed to be entirely available. The President wanted Colonel House to be Secretary of the Treasury, but House politely declined the honor and suggested McAdoo. Public opinion selected Bryan for the portfolio of State, and House approved. House then had to reconcile Bryan to his associates.

When Bryan made his spectacular exit from the State Department, many eyes turned on Colonel House to see if there were signs of his weakening on a former resolution to accept no office, but he flatly refused to consider the suggestion.

Brushing aside governor-making, president-making, and president-assisting, and the mystery of his influence (if it is a mystery) over Woodrow Wilson, there are graver mat-

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ters in the life of Colonel House about which this article is concerned. While he never aspires to be called a college man, literary man, or writer, he has thought deeply on problems that concern the dearest interests of mankind. He has always been a student of political science and anthropology. He wants to benefit mankind. He is always seeking to enlarge the sphere of his benefactions. In Texas he employed his talents in that way. He is now seeking larger opportunities of usefulness. I recall his saying to me, in substance, that the whole fabric of society and government has been wrong from the beginning. I positively know that if, in a redistribution of amassed riches, the greater part of his fortune were taken from him, he would see it go with serene composure and without protest. Quoting him literally:

> Our civilization is fundamentally wrong, inasmuch as among other things it restricts efficiency. If society were properly organized there would be none who was not sufficiently clothed and fed. The laws, habits and ethical training in vogue are alike responsible for the inequalities in opportunity and the consequent wide difference between the few and the many. The result of such conditions is to render inefficient a large part of the population, the percentage differing in each country in the ratio that education and enlightenment and unselfish laws bear to ignorance, bigotry and selfish laws.
>
> Little progress had been made in the early centuries for the reason that opportunity was confined to a few, and it is only recently that any considerable part of the world's population has been in a position to become efficient. Therefore, as an economic problem, divorced from the realm of ethics, the far-sighted statesman of tomorrow, if not today, will labor to the end that every child may have an opportunity to accomplish that for which it is best suited. Their bodies will be properly fed and clothed, so that life may mean something more than a struggle for existence. Humanity as a whole will then be able to do its share towards the conquest of the forces of Nature, and there will be brought about an intellectual and spiritual quickening that will make our civilization of today seem crude, as selfish and illogical as that of the Dark Ages.

Agreeing with Mazzini, Colonel House thinks there should be "no war of classes, no unjust violation of the rights of property, but a constant disposition to ameliorate the condition of the classes least favored by fortune."

Preferring spiritutal to material compensation, he has thus expressed his views:

> I believe that mankind is awakening to the fact that material compensation is far less to be desired than spiritual compensation.

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This feeling will grow, it is growing, and when it comes to full fruition the world will find but little difficulty in attaining a certain measure of altruism.

Touching socialism, he says:

I know things are not as they should be, but how can there be a more even distribution of wealth without lessening the efficiency of the strong, able, and energetic men, and without making mendicants of the indolent and improvident?

If we had pure socialism, we could never get the best endeavor out of anyone, for it would seem not worth while to do more than an average. The race would then go backward, instead of lifting itself higher by the insistent desire to excel and to reap the reward that comes with success. Socialism, as dreamed of by Karl Marx, cannot be entirely brought about by the leveling of wealth.

HENRY HERBERT CHILDERS.

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PROHIBITION OR TEMPERANCE?

BY L. AMES BROWN

A MEMBER of the International Anti-Alcohol Federation, who declared in a work published a few years ago that the anti-alcohol movement in America is unlike the movement in Europe in that it is not University bred, cannot be held to have uttered an unfair judgment upon the leaders of the movement here. It is a regrettable fact that the more valuable minds in America have been concerned with problems which were deemed more weighty than the problem of drink reform, and that a movement of very important extent has arisen under the dominence of a set of men who do not represent the best minds among us. As evidencing the failure of the prohibition leaders to comprehend the traditions of the people they have sought to lead, I have referred in an earlier paper to the prominence given in the Anti-Saloon League propaganda to the material gain to be anticipated from prohibition, and have commented upon the implicit neglect of the tradition that as a people Americans have girded up their loins and made great sacrifices only on occasions when some spiritual thing was at issue. It is my aim in the present paper to inquire if there are essential differences between prohibition and temperance, and to disclose instances in the history of the United States when the former has seemed to antagonize the other.

The whole lesson of Americanism, as applied to the drink problem, is that our progress has been in the direction of temperance, of self-control, of restraint, instead of prohibition. Misled by their uneducated enthusiasm, some of the prohibitionists are working upon theories of Americanism which do not comprehend that the only prohibition that could comport with our traditions would be one preceded by utter self-control. Perhaps it would not be un-American for peo-

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ple who had achieved real temperance to say, "We will make it more difficult for the backsliders and the decadent ones"; but there can be no basis in anything we have done as a people for the expectation that from one year to the next we will decide that, because we are incapable of self-control, we must tie our hands behind us in respect of drink consumption. Voters who have not been convinced sufficiently of the harmful effects of intoxicants to lay aside drinking without pressure from the law, are almost certain not to stand solidly for the enactment or the enforcement of the law which forbids drinking. They may be taught the harmful effect of drinking, taught to restrain themselves as so many Americans are coming to do each year, until in a new era of self-control there would be no need for a Hobson propaganda. "In the long run compulsory prohibition will not prohibit until the public is ready to cease using alcohol, when restriction laws will be superfluous," observed Commissioner Emerson when he began in the present year a crusade of the New York Health Department against drinking.

Temperance is essentially a quality established within one's self, while prohibition is a measure designed to achieve the superficial results of temperance through the exercise of a superior force. Temperance comes through internal growth, while prohibition forces abstinence upon one and is accompanied by the constant danger of rebellion. Thus, we need not be surprised to find, in glancing back over the history of anti-alcohol agitations in the United States, that the prohibitionists have opposed a number of movements of promise in the development of temperance; and we shall be likely to expect the same damaging result from the continuance of the propaganda in the future. The clash which has occurred was inevitable, and inevitably it will recur.

One cannot ignore the bright promise of the Washington Society of pledge-takers, which sprang up in New England a few years before Neal Dow began his advocacy of the Maine liquor law. That society sought to convince men of the moral and physical harmfulness of drinking and to prevail upon them to restrain themselves by the exercise of their individual wills; it opposed any recourse to law, or legal force to compel such restraint. It made headway for a time, prevailing upon 600,000 persons to pledge themselves to abstinence. But it was denounced by the followers of Dow,

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and it disintegrated not long before the achievement of his ephemeral victory in New England.

And now consider the great responsibility which the advocates of prohibition have shouldered in opposing movements started in the United States to seek temperance reform by a differentiation between ardent spirits and the less alcoholized beverages. It is an odd coincidence that Dr. Benjamin Rush, whose book, *An Inquiry into The Effects of Ardent Spirits upon the Human Mind and Body,* was the first inspiration for temperance reform in the United States, advocated just such a measure of distinction. What impressed him and caused him to write his book of far-reaching influence was the harm done by ardent liquor, and he would have thought the millennium hastened could he have contrived a measure for substituting a lighter drink for the heavy spirits consumed by the New Englanders of his day. The Dow propagandists had only intemperate disapproval for proposals of such measures of distinction, however, although hard cider was exempted from the Maine law in deference to the attitude of the Maine farmers, and there came a time when beer, light wines and even heavier drinks, including cocktails, were made procurable from State agencies "for the use of invalids."

Dr. Rush and his supporters succeeded in arousing a large section of public opinion to the ills that were being wrought by the drinking of rum and other hard liquors, and, in despite of the attitude of the prohibitionists, there developed in the United States a tendency to abandon the heavy drinks for the lighter ones, which has operated to the inestimable benefit of the nation. As late as 1840 the annual consumption of malt liquors in the United States was only 1.36 gallons per capita, while that of hard liquors was 2.52. Within twenty years the per capita consumption of malt liquors surpassed that of spirits, and since that time there has been a steadily widening divergence between the two. The per capita consumption of hard liquors had decreased in 1913 to 1.5, and that of malt liquors had reached 20.62.

Surely no one will question the wholesomeness of this displacement of the heavier intoxicants by the lighter ones. People everywhere are in agreement that the lighter drinks are infinitely less harmful than the hard ones; and a recent disclosure that some important German scientists are not convinced of the harmfulness of the use of alcohol in small

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quantities of course strengthens the position of those who advocate legal measures of differentiation.

In observing the great advances made by the lighter beverages in displacing the heavier ones, we cannot disregard the fact that this development has been retarded in the prohibition States. The object of State prohibition, of course, has been to restrain drinking, for there never was any thought that, with the operation of the Federal interstate commerce laws, it could be made impossible for the people of the prohibition States to secure any drink at all. Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, observes:

> An outstanding accomplishment of the prohibition laws has been that the people in the sections where they were operative were prevented from acquiring the taste for lighter beverages, such as beer, in preference to whiskeys. One of the wholesome signs in the modern industrial life of the country has been the surprising extent to which light beer has displaced the more ardent beverages. The people in the prohibition States would have been much better off if their laws had not prevented them from keeping abreast of this national tendency.

Mr. Gompers pointed out, from practical observation of Maine conditions, that it was more difficult to import beer than other alcoholics from outside the State because of its greater bulk, and that for the same reason the illicit dispensers of beverages found it impracticable to deal in the lighter ones. In the Southern prohibition States, in sections where the prohibition law is not supported by public sentiment, the people resort to illicit distillers, as the Commissioners of Internal Revenue have shown repeatedly. Of course, the only liquor produced by these distillers is the dangerous stuff manufactured from corn and other grain. This would appear to indicate that prohibition has been a hindrance to the development of a comparative temperance among the people of the prohibition States.

The most recent specific clash between the prohibitionists and those who favor a measure of distinction between the light and heavy drinks has occurred in the present Anti-Saloon League fight in New York State. A measure which has been introduced in the legislature at Albany would prohibit the manufacture or sale of liquor containing more than ten per cent. of alcohol. The bill is advocated by the newspapers owned by Mr. Hearst. The measure has been

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denounced by the State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League as "a piece of brewers' defensive tactics," who adds sententiously that "the temperance movement has gone too far to be cajoled by buncombe into a brewers' blind alley." In replying to an editorial in favor of the so-called Hearst measure, the State Superintendent had this to say:

> The above is either a piece of stupid, ignorant falsehood, or it is a piece of cunning, willful falsehood, and Mr. Hearst spends money enough to be able to hire men who are not stupid. About every intelligent person except the innocent, credulous, guileless, unsophisticated individuals who make up the staff of Mr. Hearst's paper, knows that the thing that makes "whiskies, brandies, and other vicious alcoholic beverages" dangerous, is *alcohol*, and that alcohol is the thing for which people drink beer and wine. Further, practically everybody except those spotless souls above indicated, knows that while there is a larger percentage of alcohol in whiskey than in beer, the average drink of beer is very much larger than the drink of whiskey, and that a drink of beer contains about as large an actual quantity of alcohol as the ordinary drink of whiskey, the only difference being that it is more diluted.

Throughout the history of the prohibition movement, its protagonists have been dogmatic in insisting that other means of drink reform were inadequate, or the products of insincerity. In many cases proposers of alternative plans have been assailed as vigorously as were the special interests opposing prohibition. The student of drink reform should regret that the prohibitionists have taken this attitude. Some good would surely have been accomplished by the support of certain of these temperance movements, and it is difficult to see how the acceptance of this benefit would have been harmful to the ultimate destiny of drink reform. The experience of the American Navy until the time of Secretary Daniels' "dry navy order" demonstrated the comparative efficacy of a distinction between light and heavy drinks as a temperate measure. A measure that works so well in the American Navy ought to have the serious consideration of temperance reformers everywhere. We are forced to conclude, however, that these regrets are as vain today as they would have been at any time in the country's history, and to concede the good sense of this utterance of Senator John Sharp Williams, delivered in a speech in the Senate a year ago:

> If I had my way—and I have not and I never expect to have it;

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both extremes would equally decry me and put me out on every side —I would absolutely forbid the sale and the manufacture of distilled liquors because they are a poison, while permitting the free sale, subject only to ordinary taxes, of pure wines and pure malt liquors. In so far as distilled liquors are concerned, being certainly not helpful to anybody in the long run, nor for any great time in the short run even, except under very exceptional circumstances, I would forbid their sale and manufacture, but I would permit pure beer and pure wine to be sold as freely as bread. As Thomas Jefferson said years and years ago, " if you substitute them for whiskey and for distilled liquors you would have no drunkenness." You might as well shoot peas at the rock of Gibralter, however, as to bring into this great controversy a midway opinion like that. Both sides would agree only upon one thing, and that would be to carry me out and crucify me.

Clearly then, the movement whose political instrumentality is the Anti-Saloon League was in its origin a movement against the saloon and not for prohibition. It is noteworthy from the name of the organization that it is an " anti-saloon " league and not a prohibition league. An examination of its history, as well as the fundamental purposes of its organization, will bear out this estimate.

The American saloon as an institution has shown itself to be an obstacle in the way of the moral and civic development of the people. Its viciousness as an institution lies in the fact that it has not been content to supply an economic need, but has sought vigorously to create an additional need for the goods it dispensed. The hurt that has been done by it to the young men as a class, the working men as a class, and the uneducated voters as a class, is incalculable.

It was the sentiment against the saloon—a sentiment wholly American and praiseworthy—which produced the movement upon which the Hobson propaganda now has been saddled. The damage which the saloon had done had made enemies for it and these enemies banded together into a war of extermination. The first decade of the Anti-Saloon League's activities after its organization at Oberlin, Ohio, in 1893, consisted of activities against the saloon, against the vicious practices in which the saloons were permitted to engage in certain States, and the thought of nation-wide prohibition was not suggested widely among the League's leaders. Then the warfare which had been confined to local option elections and contests in State legislatures for better regulatory measures was extended into a campaign for State-

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wide prohibition in many of the States. In this period the Anti-Saloon League remained absolutely true to its traditions, for the campaign it had undertaken was entirely an anti-saloon movement. The State-wide prohibition measures it advocated really proposed to do little more than abolish the saloon. Opportunity remained for citizens of the prohibition States to import liquors legally and in any quantity they desired.

In this period between 1905 and 1915, when the South adopted prohibition, it was the sentiment against the saloon which was entirely responsible for the outcome of the referendums in these States. The people of North Carolina, for instance, were bent on doing away with the barrooms, where the negro population was permitted to buy the cheap whiskey which was so productive of crime.

The aim to remove the saloon and its harmful influence from American life has merged into the aim to prevent practically all drinking in the United States. The change in the campaign, made when the Anti-Saloon League took up the nation-wide prohibition idea in 1909, is readily discernible. In the first place, it has been the intention of the League not to prevent all drinking, but to drive out of existence the institution for selling intoxicants and to remove the obstacles it placed in the way of temperance. No suggestion had been tolerated theretofore even among the anti-saloon leaders that an effort be made to prevent all Americans from drinking. In the latter phase, however, the organization has given secondary consideration only to the formerly primary purposes of its existence, and the propaganda for nation-wide prohibition of the Hobson brand is now the chief aim and interest of the Anti-Saloon League.

The more enlightened representatives of the liquor interests make no effort to condone the wrongs for which the saloons are responsible. In a recent communication to the editor of the *New York Times*, Mr. Hugh F. Fox, Secretary of the American Brewers' Association, said:

> The brewers are keenly alive to the evils which have been allowed to attach themselves to the saloon business, and they are frank to admit in some cases that they themselves are responsible for these evils because of the financial backing they have given to men who are not qualified to run a saloon. But their efforts to establish a thoroughly sound license system have hitherto met with very little encouragement on the part of the authorities, and with absolutely no

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co-operation on the part of the Anti-Saloon League, or any of the so-called "temperance organizations."

Rev. E. C. Dinwiddie, Legislative Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, to whose attention I called this indictment, freely admitted its justice. He said the Anti-Saloon League had not co-operated and would not co-operate with the brewers' organizations in the manner referred to, because the League was convinced of the latter's insincerity.

In the light of a clearer understanding of the manner in which the prohibition movement was evolved from the anti-saloon movement, one observes interesting questions as to the future of the Anti-Saloon League. It is evident that the Anti-Saloon League has staked its all upon the issue of nation-wide prohibition, and it is questionable whether the prestige of that organization could survive an extensive repudiation of the nation-wide prohibition idea by the people of the country. Such a repudiation may or may not occur, but one thing is certain: Regardless of the fate of the prohibition movement, the war against the saloon will go on. This movement, unlike that for prohibition, is typically American, consonant with the traditions of American progress and the principles evolved out of the growth of the people. Its appeal to the people of the United States is stronger today than at any previous time in the history of the country. Its service to the cause of temperance and of self-control is just as direct and evident as anything could be. It is the great unconscious force behind the nation-wide prohibition movement. If the time comes when those who are asserting this force wake up to the fact that they are giving their energies to a movement somewhat different from that which originally inspired them, perhaps there will be a diminution of the power of the prohibition movement.

These things bring us within the realm of speculation, however, where opinions must be relied upon. The facts we have developed are these: First, that America, if she follows the principles which have animated her growth, will aspire toward temperance and self-control in drinking as in all things, and that self-control and voluntary relinquishment of the drink habit will precede the adoption of measures which make all drinking impossible. Second, the war against the saloon will continue with brightening promise of success, because it comports with this national tendency just outlined.

L. Ames Brown.

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MR. HENRY JAMES'S LATER WORK[1]

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

It has been Mr. James's lot from the beginning to be matter of unusually lively dispute among his readers. There are people who frankly say they cannot bear him, and then either honestly let him alone, or secretly hanker for him, and every now and then return to him, and try if they cannot like him, or cannot bear him a little better. These are his enemies, or may be called so for convenience's sake; but they are hardly to be considered his readers. Many of his readers, however, are also his enemies: they read him in a condition of hot insurrection against all that he says and is; they fiercely question his point of view, they object to the world that he sees from it; they declare that there is no such world, or that, if there is, there ought not to be, and that he does not paint it truly. They would like to have the question out with him personally; such is their difference of opinion that, to hear them talk, you would think they would like to have it out with him pugilistically. They would, to every appearance, like to beat also those who accept his point of view, believe in his world, and hold that he truly portrays it. Nothing but the prevailing sex of his enemies saves them, probably, from offering the readers who are not his enemies the violence to which their prevailing sex tempts them. You cannot, at least, palliate his demerits with them without becoming of the quality of his demerits, and identifying yourself with him in the whole measure of these. That is why, for one reason, I am going to make my consideration of his later work almost entirely a study of his merits, for I own that he has his faults, and I would rather they remained his faults than become mine.

The enmity to Mr. James's fiction among his readers is

[1] Reprinted from The North American Review, January, 1903.

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mostly feminine because the men who do not like him are not his readers. The men who do like him and are his readers are of a more feminine fineness, probably, in their perceptions and intuitions, than those other men who do not read him, though of quite as unquestionable a manliness, I hope. I should like to distinguish a little farther, and say they are the sort of men whose opinions women peculiarly respect, and in whom they are interested quite as much as they are vexed to find them differing so absolutely from themselves.

The feminine enmity to Mr. James is of as old a date as his discovery of the Daisy Miller type of American girl, which gave continental offense among her sisters. It would be hard to say why that type gave such continental offense, unless it was because it was held not honestly to have set down the traits which no one could but most potently and powerfully allow to be true. The strange thing was that these traits were the charming and honorable distinctions of American girlhood as it convinced Europe, in the early eighteen-seventies, of a civilization so spiritual that its innocent daughters could be not only without the knowledge but without the fear of evil. I am not going back, however, to that early feminine grievance, except to note that it seems to have been the first tangible grievance, though it was not the first grievance. I, with my gray hairs, can remember still earlier work of his whose repugnant fascination was such that women readers clung to it with the wild rejection which has in a measure followed all his work at their hands.

It has been the curious fortune of this novelist, so supremely gifted in divining women and portraying them, that beyond any other great novelist (or little, for that matter) he has imagined few heroines acceptable to women. Even those martyr-women who have stood by him in the long course of his transgressions, and maintained through thick and thin, that he is by all odds the novelist whom they could best trust with the cause of woman in fiction, have liked his anti-heroines more,—I mean, found them realer,—than his heroines. I am not sure but I have liked them more myself, but that is because I always find larger play for my sympathies in the character which needs the reader's help than in that which is so perfect as to get on without it. If it were urged that women do not care for his heroines because there are none of them to care for, I should not blame them, still less should I blame him for giving them that ground for

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abhorrence. I find myself diffident of heroines in fiction because I have never known one in life, of the real faultless kind; and heaven forbid I should ever yet know one. In Mr. James's novels I always feel safe from that sort, and it may be for this reason, among others, that I like to read his novels when they are new, and read them over and over again when they are old, or when they are no longer recent.

At this point I hear from far within a voice bringing me to book about Milly Theale in *The Wings of a Dove,* asking me, if *there* is not a heroine of the ideal make, and demanding what fault there is in her that renders her lovable. Lovable, I allow she is, dearly, tenderly, reverently lovable, but she has enough to make her so, besides being too good, too pure, too generous, too magnificently unselfish. It is not imaginable that her author should have been conscious of offering in her anything like an atonement to the offended divinity of American womanhood for Daisy Miller. But if it were imaginable, the offended divinity ought to be sumptuously appeased, appeased to tears of grateful pardon such as I have not yet seen in its eyes. Milly Theale is as entirely American in the qualities which you can and cannot touch as Daisy Miller herself; and (I find myself urged to the risk of noting it) she is largely American in the same things. There is the same self-regardlessness, the same beauteous insubordination, the same mortal solution of the problem. Of course, it is all in another region, and the social levels are immensely parted. Yet Milly Theale is the superior of Daisy Miller less in her nature than in her conditions.

There is, in both, the same sublime unconsciousness of the material environment, the same sovereign indifference to the fiscal means of their emancipation to a more than masculine independence. The sense of what money can do for an American girl without her knowing it, is a "blind sense" in the character of Daisy, but in the character of Milly it has its eyes wide open. In that wonderful way of Mr. James's by which he imparts a fact without stating it, approaching it again and again, without actually coming in contact with it, we are made aware of the vast background of wealth from which Milly is projected upon our acquaintance. She is shown in a kind of breathless impatience with it, except as it is the stuff of doing wilfully magnificent things, and committing colossal expenses without more anxiety than a prince

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might feel with the revenues of a kingdom behind him. The ideal American rich girl has never really been done before, and it is safe to say that she will never again be done with such exquisite appreciation. She is not of the new rich; an extinct New York ancestry darkles in the retrospect; something vaguely bourgeois, and yet with presences and with lineaments of aristocratic distinction. They have made her masses of money for her, those intangible fathers, uncles and grandfathers, and then, with her brothers and sisters, have all perished away from her, and left her alone in the world with nothing else. She is as convincingly imagined in her relation to them, as the daughter of an old New York family, as she is in her inherited riches. It is not the old New York family of the unfounded Knickerbocker tradition, but something as fully patrician, with a nimbus of social importance as unquestioned as its money. Milly is not so much the flower of this local root as something finer yet: the perfume of it, the distilled and wandering fragrance. It would be hard to say in what her New Yorkishness lies, and Mr. James himself by no means says; only if you know New York at all, you have the unmistakable sense of it. She is New Yorkish in the very essences that are least associable with the superficial notion of New York: the intellectual refinement that comes of being born and bred in conditions of illimitable ease, of having had everything that one could wish to have, and the cultivation that seems to come of the mere ability to command it. If one will have an illustration of the final effect in Milly Theale, it may be that it can be suggested as a sort of a Bostonian quality, with the element of *conscious* worth eliminated, and purified as essentially of pedantry as of commerciality. The wonder is that Mr. James in his prolonged expatriation has been able to seize this lovely impalpability, and to impart the sense of it; and perhaps the true reading of the riddle is that such a nature, such a character, is most appreciable in that relief from the background which Europe gives all American character.

"But that is just what does not happen in the case of Mr. James's people. They are merged in the background so that you never can get behind them, and fairly feel and see them all round. Europe *doesn't* detach them; *nothing* does. 'There they are,' as he keeps making his people say in all his late books, when they are not calling one another dear lady, and dear man, and prodigious and magnificent, and of

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a vagueness or a richness, or a sympathy, or an opacity. No, he is of a tremendosity, but he worries me to death; he kills me; he really gives me a headache. He fascinates me, but I have no patience with him."

"But, dear lady," for it was a weary woman who had interrupted the flow of my censure in these unmeasured terms, and whom her interlocutor—another of Mr. James's insistent words—began trying to flatter to her disadvantage, "a person of your insight must see that this is the conditional vice of all painting, its vital fiction. You cannot get behind the figures in any picture. They are always merged in their background. And there you are!"

"Yes, I know I am. But that is just where I don't want to be. I want figures that I *can* get behind."

"Then you must go to some other shop—you must go to the shop of a sculptor."

"Well, why isn't *he* a sculptor?"

"Because he is a painter."

"Oh, that's no reason. He ought to be a sculptor."

"Then he couldn't give you the color, the light and shade, the delicate *nuances,* the joy of the intimated fact, all that you delight in him for. What was that you were saying the other day? That he was like Monticelli in some of his pastorals or picnics: a turmoil of presences which you could make anything, everything, nothing of as you happen to feel; something going on that you had glimpses of, or were allowed to guess at, but which you were rapturously dissatisfied with, any way."

"Did I say that?" my interlocutress—terrible word!—demanded. "It was very good."

"It was wonderfully good. I should not have named Monticelli, exactly, because though he is of a vagueness that is painty, he is too much of a denseness. Mr. James does not trowel the colors on."

"I see what you mean. Whom should you have named?"

"I don't know. Monticelli will do in one way. He gives you a sense of people, of things undeniably, though not unmistakably, happening, and that is what Mr. James does."

"Yes, he certainly does," and she sighed richly, as if she had been one of his people herself. "He does give you a sense."

"He gives you a sense of a tremendous lot going on, for instance, in *The Wings of a Dove,* of things undeniably,

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though not unmistakably, happening. It is a great book."

"It is, it is," she sighed again. "It wore me to a thread."

"And the people were as unmistakable as they were undeniable: not Milly, alone, not Mrs. Stringham, as wonderfully of New England as Milly of New York; but all that terribly frank, terribly selfish, terribly shameless, terribly hard English gang."

"Ah, Densher wasn't really hard or really shameless, though he was willing—to please that unspeakable Kate Croy—to make love to Milly and marry her money so that when she died, they could live happy ever after—or at least comfortably. And you cannot say that Kate was frank. And Lord Mark really admired Milly. Or, anyway, he wanted to marry her. Do you think Kate took the money from Densher at last and married Lord Mark?"

"Why should you care?"

"Oh, one oughtn't to care, of course, in reading Mr. James. But with anyone else, you would like to know who married who. It is all too wretched. Why should he want to picture such life?"

"Perhaps because it exists."

"Oh, do you think the English are really so bad? I'm glad he made such a beautiful character as Milly, American."

"My notion is that he didn't 'make' any of the characters."

"Of course not. And I suppose some people in England are actually like that. We have not got so far here, yet. To be sure, society is not so all-important here, yet. If it ever is, I suppose we shall pay the price. But *do* you think he ought to picture such life because it exists?"

"Do you find yourself much the worse for *The Wings of a Dove?*" I asked. "Or for *The Sacred Fount?* Or for *The Awkward Age?* Or even for *What Maisie Knew?* They all picture much the same sort of life."

"Why, of course not. But it isn't so much what he says—he never *says* anything—but what he insinuates. I don't believe that is good for young girls."

"But if they don't know what it means? I'll allow that it isn't quite *jeune fille* in its implications, all of them; but maturity has its modest claims. Even its immodest claims are not wholly ungrounded in the interest of a knowledge of

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our mother-civilization, which is what Mr. James's insinuations impart, as I understand them."

"Well, young people cannot read him aloud together. You can't deny that."

"No, but elderly people can, and they are not to be ignored by the novelist, always. I fancy the reader who brings some knowledge of good and evil, without being the worse for it, to his work is the sort of reader Mr. James writes for. I can imagine him addressing himself to a circle of such readers as this REVIEW's with a satisfaction, and a sense of liberation, which he might not feel in the following of the family magazines, and still not incriminate himself. I have heard a good deal said in reproach of the sort of life he portrays, in his later books; but I have not found his people of darker deeds or murkier motives than the average in fiction. I don't say, life."

"No, certainly, so far as he tells you. It is what he *doesn't* tell that is so frightful. He leaves you to such awful conjectures. For instance, when Kate Croy—"

"When Kate Croy—?"

"No. I *won't* discuss it. But you know what I mean; and I don't believe there ever was such a girl."

"And you believe there was such a girl as Milly Theale?"

"Hundreds! She is true to life. So perfectly American. My husband and I read the story aloud together, and I wanted to weep. We had such a strange experience with that book. We read it half through together; then we got impatient, and tried to finish it alone. But we could not make anything of it apart; and we had to finish it together. We could not bear to lose a word; every word—and there were a good many!—seemed to tell. If you took one away you seemed to miss something important. It almost destroyed me, thinking it all out. I went round days, with my hand to my forehead; and I don't believe I understand it perfectly yet. Do you?"

I pretended that I did, but I do not mind being honester with the reader than I was with my interlocutress. I have a theory that it is not well to penetrate every recess of an author's meaning. It robs him of the charm of mystery, and the somewhat labyrinthine construction of Mr. James's later sentences lends itself to the practise of the self-denial necessary to the preservation of this charm. What I feel sure of

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is that he has a meaning in it all, and that by and by, perhaps when I least expect it, I shall surprise his meaning. In the meanwhile I rest content with what I do know. In spite of all the Browning Clubs—even the club which has put up a monument to the poet's butler-ancestor—all of Browning is not clear, but enough of Browning is clear for any real lover of his poetry.

I was sorry I had not thought of this in time to say it to my interlocutress; and I was sorry I had not amplified what I did say of his giving you a sense of things, so as to make it apply to places as well as persons. Never, in my ignorance, have I had a vivider sense of London, in my knowledge a stronger sense of Venice, than in *The Wings of a Dove.* More miraculous still, as I have tried to express, was the sense he gave me of the anterior of New York where the life flowered which breathed out the odor called Milly Theale—a heartbreaking fragrance as of funeral violets—and of the anterior of New England sub-acidly fruiting in Mrs. Stringham. As for social conditions, predicaments, orders of things, where shall we find the like of the wonders wrought in *The Awkward Age?* I have been trying to get phrases which should convey the effect of that psychomancy from me to my reader, and I find none so apt as some phrase that should suggest the convincingly incredible. Here is something that the reason can as little refuse as it can accept. Into quite such particles as the various characters of this story would the disintegration of the old, rich, demoralized society of an ancient capital fall so probably that each of the kaleidoscopic fragments, dropping into irrelevant radiance around Mrs. Brookenham, would have its fatally appointed tone in the "scheme of color." Here is that inevitable, which Mr. Brander Matthews has noted as the right and infallible token of the real. It does not matter, after that, how the people talk,—or in what labyrinthine parentheses they let their unarriving language wander. They strongly and vividly exist, and they construct not a drama, perhaps, but a world, floating indeed in an obscure where it seems to have its solitary orbit, but to be as solidly palpable as any of the planets of the more familiar systems, and wrapt in the aura of its peculiar corruption. How bad the bad people on it may be, one does not know, and is not intended to know, perhaps; that would be like being told the gross facts of some scandal which, so long as it was un-

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touched, supported itself not unamusingly in air; but of the goodness of the good people one is not left in doubt; and it is a goodness which consoles and sustains the virtue apt to droop in the presence of neighborly remissness.

I might easily attribute to the goodness a higher office than this; but if I did I might be trenching upon that ethical delicacy of the author which seems to claim so little for itself. Mr. James is, above any other, the master of the difficult art of never doing more than to "hint a fault, or hesitate dislike," and I am not going to try committing him to conclusions he would shrink from. There is nothing of the clumsiness of the "satirist" in his design, and if he notes the absolute commerciality of the modern London world, it is with a reserve clothing itself in frankness which is infinitely, as he would say, "detached." But somehow, he lets you know how horribly *business* fashionable English life is; he lets Lord Mark let Milly Theale know, at their first meeting, when he tells her she is with people who never do anything for nothing, and when, with all her money, and perhaps because of it, she is still so trammelled in the ideal that she cannot take his meaning. Money, and money bluntly; gate-money of all kinds; money the means, is the tune to which that old world turns in a way which we scarcely imagine in this crude new world where it is still so largely less the means than the end.

But the general is lost in the personal, as it should be in Mr. James's books, earlier as well as later, and the allegory is so faint that it cannot always be traced. He does not say that the limitless liberty allowed Nanda Brookenham by her mother in *The Awkward Age* is better than the silken bondage in which the Duchess keeps her niece Aggie, though Nanda is admirably lovable, and little Aggie is a little cat; that is no more his affair than to insist upon the loyalty of old Mr. Longdon to an early love, or the generosity of Mitchett, as contrasted with the rapacity of Mrs. Brookenham, who, after all, wants nothing more than the means of being what she has always been. What he does is simply to show you those people mainly on the outside, as you mainly see people in the world, and to let you divine them and their ends from what they do and say. They are presented with infinite pains; as far as their appearance (though they are very little described) goes, you are not suffered to make a mistake. But he does not analyze them for you; rather he synthetizes

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them, and carefully hands them over to you in a sort of integrity very uncommon in the characters of fiction. One might infer from this that his method was dramatic, something like Turgeniev's, say; but I do not know that his method is dramatic. I do not recall from the book more than one passage of dramatic intensity, but that was for me of very great intensity; I mean the passage where old Mr. Longdon lets Vanderbank understand that he will provide for him if he will offer himself to Nanda, whom he knows to be in love with Vanderbank, and where Vanderbank will not promise. That is a great moment, where everything is most openly said, most brutally said, to American thinking; and yet said with a restraint of feeling that somehow redeems it all.

Nothing could well be more perfected than the method of the three books which I have been supposing myself to be talking about, however far any one may think it from perfect. They express mastery, finality, doing what one means, in a measure not easily to be matched. I will leave out of the question the question of obscurity; I will let those debate that whom it interests more than it interests me. For my own part I take it that a master of Mr. James's quality does not set out with a design whose significance is not clear to himself, and if others do not make it clear to themselves, I suspect them rather than him of the fault. All the same I allow that it is sometimes not easy to make out; I allow that sometimes *I* do not make it out, I, who delight to read him almost more than any other living author, but then I leave myself in his hands. I do not believe he is going finally to play me the shabby trick of abandoning me in the dark; and meanwhile he perpetually interests me. If anything, he interests me too much, and I come away fatigued, because I cannot bear to lose the least pulse of the play of character; whereas from most fiction I lapse into long delicious absences of mind, now and then comfortably recovering myself to find out what is going on, and then sinking below the surface again.

The Awkward Age is mostly expressed in dialogue; *The Wings of a Dove* is mostly in the narration and the synthesis of emotions. Not the synthesis of the motives, please; these in both books are left to the reader, almost as much as they are in *The Sacred Fount*. That troubled source, I will own, "is of a profundity," and in its depths darkles the solution

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which the author makes it no part of his business to pull to the top; if the reader wants it, let him dive. But why should not a novel be written so like to life, in which most of the events remain the meaningless, that we shall never quite know what the author meant? Why, in fact, should not people come and go, and love and hate, and hurt and help one another as they do in reality, without rendering the reader a reason for their behavior, or offering an explanation at the end with which he can light himself back over the way he has come, and see what they meant? Who knows what anyone means here below, or what he means himself, that is, precisely stands for? Most people mean nothing, except from moment to moment, if they indeed mean anything so long as that, and life which is full of propensities is almost without motives. In the scribbles which we suppose to be imitations of life, we hold the unhappy author to a logical consistency which we find so rarely in the original; but ought not we rather to praise him where his work confesses itself, as life confesses itself, without a plan? Why should we demand more of the imitator than we get from the creator?

Of course, it can be answered that we are *in* creation like characters in fiction, while we are outside of the imitation and spectators instead of characters; but that does not wholly cover the point. Perhaps, however, I am asking more for Mr. James than he would have me. In that case I am willing to offer him the reparation of a little detraction. I wish he would leave his people more, not less, to me when I read him. I have tried following their speeches without taking in his comment, delightfully pictorial as that always is, and it seems to me that I make rather more of their meaning, that way. I reserve the pleasure and privilege of going back and reading his comment in the light of my conclusions. This is the method I have largely pursued with the people of *The Sacred Fount*, of which I do not hesitate to say that I have mastered the secret, though, for the present I am not going to divulge it. Those who cannot wait may try the key which I have given.

But do not, I should urge them, expect too much of it; I do not promise it will unlock everything. If you find yourself, at the end, with nothing in your hand but the postulate with which the supposed narrator fantastically started, namely, that people may involuntarily and unconsciously prey upon one another, and mentally and physically enrich

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themselves at one another's expense, still you may console yourself, if you do not think this enough, with the fact that you have passed the time in the company of men and women freshly and truly seen, amusingly shown, and abidingly left with your imagination. For me, I am so little exacting, that this is enough.

The Sacred Fount is a most interesting book, and you are teased through it to the end with delightful skill, but I am not going to say that it is a great book like *The Awkward Age*, or *The Wings of a Dove*. These are really incomparable books, not so much because there is nothing in contemporary fiction to equal them as because there is nothing the least like them. They are of a kind that none but their author can do, and since he is alone master of their art, I am very well content to leave him to do that kind of book quite as he chooses. I will not so abandon my function as to say that I could not tell him how to do them better, but it sufficiently interests me to see how he gets on without my help. After all, the critic has to leave authors somewhat to themselves; he cannot always be writing their books for them; and when I find an author, like Mr. James, who makes me acquainted with people who instantly pique my curiosity by "something rich and strange," in an environment which is admirably imaginable, I gratefully make myself at home with them, and stay as long as he will let me.

"But,"—here is that interlocutress whom I flattered myself I had silenced, at me again,—"do you like to keep puzzling things out, so? I don't. Of course, the books *are* intensely fascinating, but I do not like to keep guessing conundrums. Why shouldn't we have studies of life that are not a series of conundrums?"

"Dear Lady," I make my answer, "what was I saying just now but that life itself is a series of conundrums, to which the answers are lost in the past, or are to be supplied us, after a long and purifying discipline of guessing, in the future? I do not admit your position, but if I did, still I should read the author who keeps you guessing, with a pleasure, and edification, in the suggestive, the instructive way he has of asking his conundrums beyond that I take in any of the authors who do not tax my curiosity, who shove their answers at me before I have had a chance to try whether I cannot guess them. Here you have the work of a great psychologist, who has the imagination of a poet, the wit of

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a keen humorist, the conscience of an impeccable moralist, the temperament of a philosopher, and the wisdom of a rarely experienced witness of the world; and yet you come back at me with the fact, or rather the pretence, that you do not like to keep puzzling his things out. It is my high opinion of you that you precisely do like to keep puzzling his things out; that you are pleased with the sort of personal appeal made to you by the difficulties you pretend to resent, and that you enjoy the just sense of superiority which your continual or final divinations give you. Mr. James is one of those authors who pay the finest tribute an author can pay to the intelligence of his reader by trusting it, fully and frankly. There you are; and if you were not puzzling out those recondite conundrums you complain of, what better things, in the perusal of the whole range of contemporary fiction, could you be doing? For my part I can think for you of none. There is no book like *The Awkward Age,* as I said, for it is sole of its kind, and no book that at all equals it, since Mr. Hardy's *Jude,* for the intensity of its naturalness. I don't name them to compare them; again I renounce all comparisons for Mr. James's work; but I will say that in the deeply penetrating anguish of *Jude,* I felt nothing profounder than the pathos which aches and pierces through those closing scenes of *The Awkward Age,* in Nanda's last talk with Vanderbank, whom she must and does leave for her mother's amusement, and her yet later talk with old Mr. Longdon, to whom she must and does own her love for Vanderbank so heartbreaking. What beautiful and gentle souls the new-fashioned young girl and the old-fashioned old man are, and how beautifully and gently they are revealed to us by the perfected art of the book in which they continue to live after we part with them! How—"

"Ah, there," my interlocutress broke in, as if fearful of not having the last word, "I certainly agree with you. I wish you were as candid about everything else."

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

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HENRY JAMES: AN APPRECIATION[1]

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

THE critical faculty hesitates before the magnitude of Mr. Henry James's work. His books stand on my shelves in a place whose accessibility proclaims the habit of frequent communion. But not all his books. There is no collected edition to date, such as some of "our masters" have been provided with; no neat row of volumes in buckram or half-calf putting forth a hasty claim to completeness, and conveying to my mind a hint of finality, of a surrender to fate of that field in which all these victories have been won. Nothing of the sort has been done for Mr. Henry James's victories in England.

In a world such as ours, so painful with all sorts of wonders, one would not exhaust oneself in barren marveling over mere bindings, had not the fact, or rather the absence of the material fact, prominent in the case of other men whose writing counts (for good or evil)—had it not been, I say, expressive of a direct truth spiritual and intellectual; an accident of—I suppose—the publishing business acquiring a symbolic meaning from its negative nature. Because, emphatically, in the body of Mr. Henry James's work there is no suggestion of finality, nowhere a hint of surrender, or even of mere probability of surrender, to his own victorious achievement in that field where he is master. Happily, he will never be able to claim completeness; and, were he to confess to it in a moment of self-ignorance, he would not be believed by the very minds for whom such a confession naturally would be meant. It is impossible to think of Mr. Henry James becoming "complete" otherwise than by the brutality of our common fate whose finality is meaningless—

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in the sense of its logic being of a material order, the logic of a falling stone.

I do not know into what brand of ink Mr. Henry James dips his pen; indeed, I heard that of late he has been dictating; but I know that his mind is steeped in the waters flowing from the fountain of intellectual youth. The thing—a privilege—a miracle—what you will—is not quite hidden from the meanest of us who run as we read. To those who have the grace to stay their feet it is manifest. After some twenty years of attentive acquaintance with Mr. Henry James's work, it grows into absolute conviction, which, all personal feeling apart, brings a sense of happiness into one's artistic existence. If gratitude, as some one defined it, is a lively sense of favors to come, it becomes very easy to be grateful to the author of *The Ambassadors*—to name the latest of his works. The favors are sure to come; the spring of *that* benevolence will never dry up. The stream of inspiration runs brimful in a predetermined direction, unaffected by the periods of drought, untroubled in its clearness by the storms of the land of letters, without languor or violence in its force, never running back upon itself, opening new visions at every turn of its course through that richly inhabited country its fertility has created for our delectation, for our judgment, for our exploring. It is, in fact, a magic spring.

With this phrase the metaphor of the perennial spring, of the inextinguishable youth, of running water, as applied to Mr. Henry James's inspiration, may be dropped. In its volume and force the body of his work may be compared rather to a majestic river. All creative art is magic, is evocation of the unseen in forms persuasive, enlightening, familiar and surprising, for the edification of mankind, pinned down by the conditions of its existence to the earnest consideration of the most insignificant tides of reality.

Action in its essence, the creative art of a writer of fiction may be compared to rescue work carried out in darkness against cross gusts of wind swaying the action of a great multitude. It is rescue work, this snatching of vanishing phases of turbulence, disguised in fair words, out of the native obscurity into a light where the struggling forms may be seen, seized upon, endowed with the only possible form of permanence in this world of relative values—the permanence of memory. And the multitude feels it

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obscurely too; since the demand of the individual to the artist is, in effect, the cry, "Take me out of myself!" meaning, really, out of my perishable activity into the light of imperishable consciousness. But everything is relative, and the light of consciousness is only enduring, merely the most enduring of the things of this earth, imperishable only as against the short-lived work of our industrious hands.

When the last aqueduct shall have crumbled to pieces, the last air-ship fallen to the ground, the last blade of grass shall have died upon a dying earth, man, indomitable by his training in his resistance to misery and pain, shall set this undiminished light of his eyes against the feeble glow of the sun. The artistic faculty, of which each of us has a minute grain, may find its voice in some individual of that last group, gifted with a power of expression, and courageous enough to interpret the ultimate experience of mankind in terms of his temperament, in terms of art. I do not mean to say that he would attempt to beguile the last moments of humanity by an ingenious tale. It would be too much to expect—from humanity. I doubt the heroism of the hearers. As to the heroism of the artist, no doubt is necessary. There would be on his part no heroism. The artist in his calling of interpreter creates (the clearest form of demonstration) because he must. He is so much of a voice that for him silence is like death; and the postulate was that there is a group alive, clustered on his threshold to watch the last flicker of light on a black sky, to hear the last word uttered in the stilled workshop of the earth. It is safe to affirm that, if anybody, it will be the imaginative man who would be moved to speak on the eve of that day without tomorrow—whether in austere exhortation or in a phrase of sardonic comment, who can guess?

For my own part, from a short and cursory acquaintance with my kind, I am inclined to think that the last utterance will formulate, strange as it may appear, some hope now to us utterly inconceivable. For mankind is delightful in its pride, its assurance, and its indomitable tenacity. It will sleep on the battle-field among its own dead, in the manner of an army having won a barren victory. It will not know when it is beaten. And, perhaps, it is right in that quality. The victories are not, perhaps, so barren as it may appear from a purely strategical, utilitarian point of view. Mr. Henry James seems to hold that belief. Nobody has

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rendered better, perhaps, the tenacity of temper, or known how to drape the robe of spiritual honor about the drooping form of a victor in a barren strife. And the honor is always well won; for the struggles Mr. Henry James chronicles with such subtle and direct insight are, though only personal contests, desperate in their silence, none the less heroic (in the modern sense) for the absence of shouted watchwords, clash of arms and sound of trumpets. Those are adventures in which only choice souls are ever involved. And Mr. Henry James records them with a fearless and insistent fidelity to the *péripéties* of the contest, and the feelings of the combatants.

The fiercest excitements of a romance "*de cape et d'épée,*" the romance of yard-arm and boarding-pike so dear to youth, whose knowledge of action (as of other things) is imperfect and limited, are matched, for the quickening of our maturer years, by the tasks set, by the difficulties presented, to the sense of truth, of necessity—before all, of conduct—of Mr. Henry James's men and women. His mankind is delightful. It is delightful in its tenacity; it refuses to own itself beaten; it will sleep on the battle-field. These warlike images come by themselves under the pen; since, from the duality of man's nature and the competition of individuals, the life-history of the earth must in the last instance be a history of a really very relentless warfare. Neither his fellows, nor his gods, nor his passions will leave a man alone. In virtue of these allies and enemies, he holds his precarious dominion, he possesses his fleeting significance; and it is this relation, in all its manifestations, great and little, superficial or profound, and this relation alone, that is commented upon, interpreted, demonstrated by the art of the novelist in the only possible way in which the task can be performed: by the independent creation of circumstance and character, achieved against all the difficulties of expression, in an imaginative effort finding its inspiration from the reality of forms and sensations. That a sacrifice must be made, that something has to be given up, is the truth engraved in the innermost recesses of the fair temple built for our edification by the masters of fiction. There is no other secret behind the curtain. All adventure, all love, every success is resumed in the supreme energy of an act of renunciation. It is the uttermost limit of our power; it is the most potent and effective force at our disposal, on

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which rest the labors of a solitary man in his study, the rock on which have been built commonwealths whose might casts a dwarfing shadow upon two oceans. Like a natural force which is obscured as much as illustrated by the multiplicity of phenomena, the power of renunciation is obscured by the mass of weaknesses, vacillations, secondary motives and false steps and compromises which make up the sum of our activity. But no man or woman worthy of the name can pretend to anything more, to anything greater. And Mr. Henry James's men and women are worthy of the name, within the limits his art, so clear, so sure of itself, has drawn round their activities. He would be the last to claim for them Titanic proportions. The earth itself has grown smaller in the course of ages. But in every sphere of human perplexities and emotions there are more greatnesses than one—not counting here the greatness of the artist himself. Wherever he stands, at the beginning or the end of things, a man has to sacrifice his gods to his passions or his passions to his gods. That is the problem, great enough, in all truth, if approached in the spirit of sincerity and knowledge.

In one of his critical studies, published some fifteen years ago, Mr. Henry James claims for the novelist the standing of the historian as the only adequate one, as for himself and before his audience. I think that the claim cannot be contested, and that the position is unassailable. Fiction is history, human history, or it is nothing. But it is also more than that; it stands on firmer ground, being based on the reality of forms and the observation of social phenomena, whereas history is based on documents and the reading of print and handwriting—on second-hand impression. Thus fiction is nearer truth. But let that pass. A historian may be an artist too, and a novelist is a historian, the preserver, the keeper, the expounder, of human experience. As is meet for a man of his descent and tradition, Mr. Henry James is the historian of fine consciences.

Of course, this is a general statement; but I don't think its truth will be or can be questioned. Its fault is that it leaves so much out; and, besides, Mr. Henry James is much too considerable to be put into the nutshell of a phrase. The fact remains that he has made his choice, and that his choice is justified up to the hilt by the success of his art. He has taken for himself the greater part. The range of a fine conscience covers more good and evil than the range of a

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conscience which may be called, roughly, not fine; a conscience less troubled by the nice discrimination of shades of conduct. A fine conscience is more concerned with essentials; its triumphs are more perfect, if less profitable in a worldly sense. There is, in short, more truth in its working for a historian to detect and to show. It is a thing of infinite complication and suggestion. None of these escapes the art of Mr. Henry James. He has mastered the country, his domain, not wild indeed, but full of romantic glimpses, of deep shadows and sunny places. There are no secrets left within his range. He has disclosed them as they should be disclosed—that is, beautifully. And, indeed, ugliness has but little place in this world of his creation. Yet it is always felt in the truthfulness of his art; it is there, it surrounds the scene, it presses close upon it. It is made visible, tangible, in the struggles, in the contacts of the fine consciences, in their perplexities, in the sophism of their mistakes. For a fine conscience is naturally a virtuous one. What is natural about it is just its fineness, an abiding sense of the intangible, everpresent, right. It is most visible in their ultimate triumph, in their emergence from miracle, through an energetic act of renunciation. Energetic, not violent: the distinction is wide, enormous, like that between substance and shadow.

Through it all Mr. Henry James keeps a firm hold of the substance, of what is worth having, of what is worth holding. The contrary opinion has been, if not absolutely affirmed, then at least implied, with some frequency. To most of us, living willingly in a sort of intellectual moonlight, in the faintly reflected light of truth, the shadows so firmly renounced by Mr. Henry James's men and women stand out endowed with extraordinary value, with a value so extraordinary that their rejection offends, by its uncalled-for scrupulousness, those business-like instincts which a careful Providence has implanted in our breasts. And, apart from that just cause of discontent, it is obvious that a solution by rejection must always present a certain apparent lack of finality, especially startling when contrasted with the usual methods of solution by rewards and punishments, by crowned love, by fortune, by a broken leg or a sudden death. Why the reading public, which, as a body, has never laid upon a story-teller the command to be an artist, should demand from him this sham of Divine Omnipotence is utterly

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incomprehensible. But so it is; and these solutions are legitimate, inasmuch as they satisfy the desire for finality, for which our hearts yearn with a longing greater than the longing for the loaves and fishes of this earth. Perhaps the only true desire of mankind, coming thus to light in its hours of leisure, is to be set at rest. One is never set at rest by Mr. Henry James's novels. His books end as an episode in life ends. You remain with the sense of the life still going on; and even the subtle presence of the dead is felt in that silence that comes upon the artist-creation when the last word has been read. It is eminently satisfying, but it is not final. Mr. Henry James, great artist and faithful historian, never attempts the impossible.

JOSEPH CONRAD.

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HENRY JAMES: AN IMPRESSION

BY EDITH WYATT

"NEVER say you know the last word of any human heart." It is the opening sentence of *Louisa Pallant*. The beauty it expresses echoes in the spirit long after one closes any novel of Henry James. Alike from his greater and his lesser tales of fiction, one turns away with a heightened desire of understanding moral souls.

After twenty-five years of reading him, it is as a fiction writer first that one thinks of Henry James. In viewing him as a fiction writer, one looks back at an extraordinary variety of enriching recreation in his pages. Whatever that variety, this one striking experience has attended the pleasure of all my own acquaintance with them: from the first word to the last I have been eager to learn the truth about his characters. What they did, what they suffered, their pains, their passions, their delights, are very little to me in comparison with what they themselves are.

One lives the life of Henry Fielding's and of Thomas Hardy's men and women, and of Turgenev's and of Mr. Howells's and Mr. H. G. Wells's. The character of the "human interest" in Henry James's novels (for me, at least) is radically different in kind. The refreshment of reincarnation in other creatures is not a part of that interest. The fascination of the tale of Milly Theale and of Nanda Brookenham, and of Chad Newsome and Strether, lies, not in one's imaginative embodiment in their natures, but in learning what essential stuff these natures are made of. Tone by tone, qualification by qualification, behind one lifted curtain after another, the ways and motives of their inner spirits are revealed.

The master of a great art, Henry James is so dazzling in performance that one instinctively regards the play of the

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fountain rather than its secret springs: and thinks of him as a supremely accomplished writer, before one considers him as an author and source of creative ideas. All he has written seems a part of literature. Of an achievement so great, one can of course, in a brief account of a long enjoyment of his pages, give only a few indications of the ways in which his medium has seemed markedly expressive.

The prefaces of his last-published edition of his fiction, concerning the manner of each of these compositions, offer a comment necessarily so much more deeply-derived than that of a mere reader, and even a frequent re-reader, that nearly all subsequent words on the topic of his fictive production have an air of casual and of superficial consideration. "Were I minded" he says in the preface to *The Awkward Age* (in referring to one of its "books"), "to use in this connection 'a loud word'—and the critic in general hates loud words as a man of taste may hate loud colors—I should speak of the composition of the chapters entitled 'Tishy Grendon,' with all the pieces of the game on the table together and each unconfusedly and contributively placed, as triumphantly scientific." The pleasure one has in witnessing his achievements in his later works is like watching a player win a complicated game of solitaire. He proceeds to build up one series of impressions after another, with a species of science—since this word having once resounded may perhaps permissibly be echoed—which this particular reader chances never to have observed in the method of any other writer.

It is by chromatic shades and half-tones that many elements in the miracle of our whole mysterious existence reveal themselves to us: and in his mastery, indeed it may almost be said in his creation, of a method of expression which proceeds by chromatic shades and half-tones and crescent qualifications, Henry James's genius is supreme. The infinite faculty of man, the kaleidoscopic character of the human mind, glimmers richly from the distinguished presence of *The Awkward Age, The Ambassadors, The Wings of a Dove.* The curiousness of life, the enigma of its intricacy, is always there to fascinate you, as you are fascinated by prodigies of nature,—the seamed face of the Matterhorn, or the roofs of stalactite caves. At once the most original and the most conventional of authors, he never repeats his knowledge. And too, the texture of Henry James's expres-

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sion has a wonderfully consistent surface. His dialogue is all of this texture. It is almost as difficult to break pieces out to quote, as it would be to quote a portion of a tapestry. You can not characterize a figure by one of his remarks, as you can with Daudet's and Thackeray's. The miracle is that, conditioned as the conversation of Henry James's people is by this uniformity in the warp and woof of their speech, they yet represent, at once so fully and so delicately, innumerable differences of nature. Outward peculiarities of personal speech and of personal appearance are of course only too often concealments, rather than affirmations, of a personal spirit. Someone said once of a brilliant physician who was blind, "He has a chance really to know what people's souls are like. He is not distracted by their appearances." The blurring of distinctions of individual speech in Henry James's art of composition serves in this same manner, by eliminating a distraction, to show intimate motives more clearly than a presentment truer to the facts of existence.

Then—though Milly Theale and Kate Croy speak according to the texture of the book in which they appear, rather than according to their own several natural histories—they narrate themselves to us, after all, as people narrate the qualities of their souls to us in real life. This most precious learning which earth has to bestow we acquire, not by witnessing some signal act of courage, or staunchness, or wisdom, but by a long and multitudinous series of changing and corrected impressions.

Henry James, alone—so far as I know—among novelists, has had a cosmopolitan purpose. No other human being, I think, has exhibited, as a writer, so clear and so frequent an intent of understanding and portraying men and women of other nationalities than his own. For this intent, too, his method has proved to be a miraculous instrument. Without at any time speaking any such tongue as, let us say, the French-English of Thackeray's Florac, his medium serves as a species of Volapuk for presenting a peopled world inhabited by French and Italians and Germans and Americans and English. Those who feel that he has disparaged Americans would do well to consider their extremely noble appearance among these figures in his pages.

His tale is always told in the tone of the world-traveler: and makes a world-traveler of its reader. Never has such

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a faculty seemed more valuable to letters than at the present moment. Its presence dignifies all his efforts. The scenes his people inhabit are produced for you as by a master of the revels of the globe. You see the enriching spectacles that have delighted hundreds of thousands of human beings of all climes and nations. The mellow light, the vast human heritage of the pleasures of countless Summers and Winters of passionate pilgrims, rest on a hundred places where one has sojourned in his tales. Yet, lovely as his evocations are, they remain almost purely spectacular. If when you visit these scenes you look upon cities of men, manners, and climates, Ulysses never shows you anything of councils and governments, of any currents of collective human purpose circulating in the lands where he guides you. His world-pageant is unrolled for you by an author whose interest is cosmopolitan, but not international.

It seems almost an ungrateful discrimination to make about a writer whose production has, as a whole, illumined the world for his readers more than the effort of any other author. But truth seems to require such an acknowledgment all the more because in this wonderful illumination he is peerless. No Elizabethan, nor Grecian, not the text of Holy Writ, reveals that special wide-spread candid light it was his destiny to show us. No other writer has expressed as he has the profound and large charm of our human opportunity simply as inhabitants of a globe. Yet, beautifully as the outward aspect, wonderfully as the individual souls, of any nation whose scene and people are present in Henry James's fiction are portrayed, these are never related, in my experience of his pages, to any general social consciousness, to any of the contemporary notions and ideas rising from that silent spirit of collective masses which Renan tells us is the source of all great things.

Almost all his figures lead lives fully peopled, fully sociable in the sense of being constantly in communication with other individuals, but not in any large sense social, nor touched by any of the moods of a profound general consciousness. The wide, the fascinating currents of contemporary thought seem never to wash the shores of those lands where they lead their convincing fabled existence, in one way so much in the world of today, and yet, in another way, not in it at all. Justice and injustice by no means wait outside this widespread world of Henry James's creation. But

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his reference, his people's reference, to justice and injustice is always personal, and never swings to a broader range.

Everybody who has read Henry James's novels and tales for the last twenty-five years has probably realized that, with a few notable exceptions, no matter who the hero or the heroine may be or what the conditions of his existence, this character—who has been, from the beginning, making up his mind whether he will or will not support the frame of things as they are—will conform. He will support the frame of things as they are, even if, like Hyacinth Robinson, he has to commit suicide to do it.

Why do they all acquiesce? Why does Maggie Verver go back to, or rather never depart from, her treacherous and gross husband? Why does Madame de Mauves submit to her perhaps less treacherous and more gross companion? Why does Isabelle Archer return to *her* base husband? Why, when the character of his behest seems to her unwarrantable and even contemptible, does she advise her step-daughter to sacrifice all her dearest instincts to obey it? Why does "The American" act according to the wish of the murderous brother and mother of Madame de Cintre? Useless to multiply instances. They all acquiesce, of course, for very different reasons. But it is never, so far as I recall—except in the case of Merton Densher—from an imputed infirmity of purpose. It must be remembered that not one of the protagonists mentioned is described as at all weak-willed, or of dependent nature. On the contrary, they are all represented as rather strong-willed and of independent nature. But in every case, fretted through a long period of doubt, they are at last played on. However rotten things are in the State of Denmark, they never kill the king. This striking feature—the determination to let things remain as they are in the State of Denmark—is almost as invariable a feature of Henry James's composition as dark tree-trunks before a misted horizon is of Corot's.

What is remarkable is not so much the acquiescence itself, as the fact that the artist almost always treats it as an act of high courage and vision. It is a little as though—to indicate this treatment in its least convincing aspects—Chaucer should be at a great deal of pains, in telling the story of Patient Griselda, to make you believe that Griselda is not so much subservient as spirited.

Someone has said of Turgenev's novels that, as in Whit-

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man's poem, after all the heroes are discouraged and gone, liberty is the last to go out. In Henry James's novels, the spirit that remains after all their heroes and heroines are gone is the spirit of the conventional. The word is not used here in its narrower sense, but in that grave meaning Isabel Archer considers in her long meditation—the meaning of "the love of harmony and order and decency and all the stately offices of life."

Like chromosomes which are apparent only in their susceptibility to a certain stain, the manifestations of life which were most vivid to Henry James's mind were those, I believe, which could take the dye of the traditional, of the conventional: and other manifestations were almost non-existent for him. He could not, I think, have seen his heroes and heroines doing things inharmonious and indecorous: as soon as they began they would have become ridiculous, and then dim, and then have vanished.

Far more apparent in the criticism of Henry James than in his fiction is his color-blindness to manifestations of life not susceptible to traditional and conventional dyes. A critical perception rather derisive of the emergent genius of Ibsen and of Whistler and of Whitman, and that asks what the interest is in the novels of Arnold Bennett and of H. G. Wells, shows, I think one is forced to admit, a very striking limitation of vision. The rising realization of the error and irrationality of the present economic order, the present social order; the growing knowledge of the overwhelming extent of poverty on the earth; the study of numberless causes and effects of that poverty, and of meliorative efforts against it: these vital concerns have absorbed much of the most intense, most uncompromising, most creative and characteristic thought of our time. The fact that all this range of thought seems to remain outside the realm of the criticism of Henry James, just as it remains outside his fiction, with all else which does not show the colors or the grace of conventional things, seriously narrows his appreciation of much vivid truth and beauty.

When that is said, he yet remains a great, an imaginative critic both of society and of letters. There is not space here to comment on his scope and brilliancy in this field, nor to mention more than one of his extraordinary values. In that delightful book, *Partial Portraits,* in his wonderful essay on Turgenev, he tells us that the Russian author was "abso-

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lutely without that eagerness of self-reference which sometimes accompanies great and even small reputations," and he quotes the eloquent words of the elegy of Renan—"Turgenev received, by that mysterious decree which marks out human vocations, the gift which is noble beyond all others; he was born essentially impersonal." This fine tribute might fittingly have been paid to Henry James himself. The grace of that fresh and inspiring gift permeates all his words on letters.

Our own land is filled with a squalor of personal reference. The tone of Henry James's criticism alone is a clarifying pleasure in the midst of it, like a salt breath of the air of the seas that reach around the earth, blowing into some close apartment in a dwelling on their shores.

The work of a great writer, and a voluminous writer, must always say very different things to different persons. As in every other long acqaintanceship, one is always finding a disparaging criticism which refers accurately to one period and instance of a very large phenomenon not applicable to it as a whole. For many reasons there will probably long be numbers of American readers to whom no aspect of Henry James's work will say anything at all. People here have formed a habit of passing their eyes hastily over vast acreages of text, dully apprehended. They are abundantly provided with reading-matter which they can "follow" with half their mind on other matters, or even half-asleep. A restless inattention pervades our national habits of thought. To enjoy Henry James requires the reader's attention. Then—he is accomplished and exhaustive and profound and critical: and we prefer authors to be ignorant and casual and obvious and flattering; and not even in an appreciation of letters are we able to assume the gift which is noble beyond all others, of being essentially impersonal.

Henry James's criticisms of America are far less contemptuous, and perhaps less penetrating, than Thoreau's criticisms, which Americans receive so unresentfully: more candid, and more wise, than Heine's ironies on the subject of Germany, which his countrymen seem to love to crush against their bosoms. As a protest against his country's lack of principle, Thoreau refused to support its government by refusing to pay his taxes. As an avowed defiance of his nation's philistinism, Heine left Germany in his thirty-

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fourth year, to live in France. Remaining there until his death, some twenty-five years afterwards, he asked in his will, near the close of that long martyrdom of pain he bore so bravely in the Valley of the Shadow, that his ashes be buried in Paris.

All apart from the consideration of the justice of the view of the soldier in the liberation war of humanity, all apart from the question of one's own belief in the cause Thoreau espoused, there is something that rouses admiration in the acts of both these men of genius. Their conduct betokens a large inner life such as everyone must honor, where ideas are the abiding realities. It chances that the sympathy of the present writer is with that "sober-suited freedom" of which Mr. Howells spoke so beautifully not long since as the instinctive sympathy of our own national heritage. But irrespective of one's national sympathies, when Henry James became, in her hour of struggle, a subject of the country where he had lived and worked for the last forty years, there was in the same manner, I think, a quality in the act that everyone must honor, except those people in any and every country for whom patriotism means simply a violent and assertive claimancy and a hatred of alien nations.

No written words have, I suppose, better served the cause of civilization against that stupid and tragic error of hatred among nations than the life-work of Henry James.

EDITH WYATT.

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SHAKESPEARE

April 23, 1616—April 23, 1916

JOSEPH S. AUERBACH

EXALTED soul, secure in thy estate
Of the world's homage and its glad acclaim,
May we that which thou wrought commemorate
This day, not by vain word unto thy fame,
Whilst England, whose chief glory is thy song,
Lies stricken with her wounds; but by the deed
We vow her sovereignty to prolong,
And keep her sacred from barbaric greed.
Then at the coming triumph, gone the night
And the chast'ning, be anthem'd to the reign
Of an England transfigured in her might,
Thy votive hymns to her—thy song's refrain.
A just God grant all this for his renown,
As kingly meed and diadem and crown.

JOSEPH S. AUERBACH.

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SHAKESPEARE'S LATER WORKMANSHIP

"PERICLES" AND "KING HENRY VIII"

BY SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

HEMYNGE and Condell excluded *Pericles, Prince of Tyre* from their First Folio edition of Shakespeare in 1623; nor did it appear among his collected plays until the Third Folio of 1664. Yet Hemynge and Condell must have been familiar with it: for it happened to earn a very considerable popular success. For this we have not only the silent evidence of the book-trade—it was published in quarto, with Shakespeare's name, in 1609, and republished in the same year; a third quarto appeared in 1611; a fourth in 1619; a fifth in 1630; a sixth in 1635—we have assertative evidence as well. The first quarto, on the title-page, boldly advertises it as "The late and much admired play called *Pericles, Prince of Tyre.*" One, Robert Tailor, in the prologue to *The Hogge hath lost his Pearle,* writes:

> And if it prove so happy as to please,
> We'll say 'tis fortunate like *Pericles.*

and, in 1646, one S. Shepherd:

> With Sophocles we may
> Compare great Shakespeare: Aristophanes
> Never like him his Fancy could display—
> Witness the Prince of Tyre, his Pericles.

Lastly, testimony to the play's success with the public is accumulated, as on a backwash, by the number of critics who notice it to reprobate it; beginning with Ben Jonson and his characteristic sneer:

> Some mouldy[1] tale
> Like Pericles.

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[1] The curious epithet "mouldy" agrees with one theory—that *Pericles* was an old play exhumed.

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The play, then, certainly achieved success in its day, though it were but (as the French say) a success of scandal. I think there may have been another reason for its taking the town. It gave—like the "revue" or the cinema of to-day—a new sensation. We may call these new sensations cheap, vulgar, tawdry; and so perhaps they are. We may, comparing even *Pericles* with *Hamlet,* demand of the public

> Have you eyes?
> Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
> And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?

But Shakespeare, like every other great dramatist, wrote for his public; and we, laying aside our account with human frailty, must note that in art, as in life, men will have reaction, novelty—reaction even from the best; that transience qualifies even the attainment of a Pheidias, a Raphael, or a Shakespeare, because transience lies at the root and runs in the sap of all human pleasure. We cannot even conceive of human enjoyment apart from this qualifying transience. Good folk (as I observe them), being quite unable to imagine Eternity—that immense emptiness in which Time is not, and today and yesterday and tomorrow and a thousand years are as one; in the awful space of which everything stands still; in which the man who died in this war is alive and without apprehension of any war; in which the most exquisite flower of pleasure known to us has neither season in which to unfold, nor season through which to fade—good folk, unable to imagine this, or at any rate to keep a hold on such a conception, reduce it to Everlasting Life, Everlasting Bliss, which are simply life and bliss conceived in an endless prolonging of Time. Take it so, and I ask: How is our conception of everlasting bliss, of any bliss at once intense, ecstatic, and perpetual, to be referred to any happiness of which any one of us has had experience? As Jowett puts it dryly, in his introduction to Plato's *Phædo:*

> Where is the pain that does not become deadened after a thousand years? Or what is the nature of that pleasure or happiness which never wearies by monotony? Earthly pleasures and pains are short in proportion as they are keen; of any others which are both intense and lasting, we can form no idea. . . . To beings constituted as we are, the monotony of singing Psalms would be as great an affliction as the pains of hell, and might even be pleasantly interrupted by them.

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We are men, in short; "sublunary things"; and our best in art, which in overweening moments we call "immortal," is by its very nature the slave of transience. "There is nothing immortal but immortality," says Sir Thomas Browne. "The form decays," says Wordsworth.

The form decays, the *function* never dies.

"The form decays": there are to be no more *Macbeths*, no more *Othellos*, because men will not have them—and Shakespeare himself consigns to their demand for novelties. The "function" continues in chase of new experiments.

The public, on the one hand, has a craving for novelties in art; and the artist a correspondent craving to invent them—and not, be it noted, a base craving merely to open a new market, but a spiritual ambition, the last infirmity of all noble workmen: to improve the best, break the known barriers of rule, and master a new province for Art. These two reasons converge to explain not only why Shakespeare, having written *Othello*, went on to write *Pericles*, but also (though it be a minor matter) why *Pericles* took the town as it did.

For, obviously, it was a new thing, or an attempt at a new thing; an attempt, by boldly casting over all unity of time, to present in terms of drama what naturally belongs to epic or romance. Let me insist on this, for it is of capital importance. In *Pericles* our workman Shakespeare boldly lays hand on a theme proper to epic or the romantic novel—a theme which had already done duty in both (in the *Confessio Amantis* and in a novel by one, Laurence Twine, entitled *The Patterne of Painefull Adventures: Containing the most Excellent Pleasant and Variable Historie of the Strange Accidents that Befell unto Prince Apollonius, the Lady Lucina his Wife, and Tharsia his Daughter*, and displays in dramatic form a long, diffused story, supposed to cover a lifetime. He is doing, in fact, precisely what Sir Philip Sidney in a pretty mocking passage of the *Apologie for Poetrie* laughed at bad playwrights for doing:

> Now of time they are much more liberall. For ordinary it is that two young Princes fall in love. After many traverces she is got with child, delivered of a faire boy, he is lost, groweth a man, falls in love, and is ready to get another child, and all this in two hours space; which how absurd it is in sence, even sence may imagine, and Arte hath taught, and all ancient examples justified.

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So, after all, Shakespeare's was nothing new as an attempt. What he achieved was to make a success of the absurdity, and a success that encouraged him to improve on it in *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale;* for these also are long-drawn romances turned into drama; by more cunning machinery, indeed, but unmistakably bearing the same stigmata as *Pericles*—the stigmata of the epical romantic tale, not of the drama.

The time supposed to be occupied by the action of *Pericles* is about sixteen years. *The Winter's Tale* has an interval of sixteen years between its third and fourth acts, with various minor intervals of days and weeks. The chronology of *Cymbeline* is baffling and in places absurd (the speed, for example, of Iachimo's coming and going between Italy and Britain cannot be reconciled with any means of human locomotion known to Shakespeare. He could hardly have achieved it on a motor-cycle, with a steamer ready and waiting at Calais). But actually, as any intelligent reader must perceive, the author is feeling back toward unity of time. We do not see the king's sons stolen, and anon, through this and that device, watch them grow up—as we see the infants, Marina and Perdita, cast away, and are supposed to watch or imagine them growing up. We come upon Polydore and Cadwall ready-grown, and have it rehearsed to us how that they are the lost princes, Guiderius and Arviragus. Yet the supposed action of *Cymbeline* must cover many months. Now, the supposed action of *The Tempest*—the whole of it—covers but three or four hours at the most, and the actual performance takes a good time.

And so, after advancing such excellent reasons why Shakespeare wrote *Pericles* at such and such a date, and why he made it such and such a play, let me proceed to show that he did nothing of the sort.

I will not go so far as to say that Shakespeare could not, at any time of his life, have written the first two Acts. He was great but careless. I believe, indeed, that he touched them up, the odious opening scene more particularly. Even in the rhyming lines I should be sorry to deny the Master in two or three passages. For example:

> See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
> Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
> Of every virtue gives renown to men!

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Or:

> Yon sometimes famous princess, like thyself,
> Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
> Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale
> That without covering, save yon field of stars,
> Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars.

Those last four words make me hesitate. But I will swear that if (as I profoundly disbelieve) he wrote these two acts at any time of his life, he did not do so within a dozen years of his writing the rest of the play.

The scope of this inquiry confines me to such evidence as may be found in Shakespeare's workmanship. I pass over evidence of other kinds—evidence marshalled by Delius, Fleay, and others—which seems to me conclusive. I pass over all questions whether a man called Wilkins wrote the earlier part of the play. I care not who he was, so long as he was not Shakespeare. My only business is to suppeditate, by examining the workmanship, a conclusion already based on stronger evidence. Evidence on any point of dubiety concerning Shakespeare may be external or internal, may be derived from records, from allusions to the text, from verse-tests, from half-a-dozen studies other than the neglected one—of principles of workmanship—which I am here trying to pursue. Sometimes the witness of one sort will preponderate, sometimes that of another: and just here I am cheerfully playing second fiddle.

Now that Shakespeare was trying, in *Pericles* and its successors, to convert epic into terms of drama, is no warrant for inferring that he who had written *Othello* was, even in waywardness, so little of an artist as to be incapable of telling a story.

Yet in *Pericles,* as we have it, that is just what he could not do. Some two hundred years later, Mary Lamb, having to write out the story of *Pericles* for young people, started thus:

> Pericles, Prince of Tyre, became a voluntary exile from his dominions, to avert the dreadful calamities which Antiochus, the wicked emperor of Greece, threatened to bring upon his subjects and city of Tyre, in revenge for a discovery which the prince had made of a shocking deed which the emperor had done in secret; as commonly it proves dangerous to pry into the hidden crimes of great men.

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Thus in one sentence—the last clause mere comment—Mary Lamb dismisses the whole of the first Act! The second Act she treats a little more tenderly, bestowing on it a full paragraph, of four sentences. In her whole narrative, which—even though, as a tale for the young reader, it omits all the coarse business at Mitylene—covers some twenty-one pages, Acts iii, iv, and v occupy more than twenty pages; Acts i and ii less than one.

What does this mean? It means that a great deal more than a third of the play (in fact, it is nearer a half)—a solid block of writing, and that at the beginning, or just where in ninety-nine dramas out of a hundred you find the board laid, the game planned, and those opening moves developed which give the trend toward the climax—it means that all this has scarce anything to do with the story, and no *necessary* bearing on it whatever.

I have granted you that *Pericles* is what Aristotle would call an "episodic" play. "I call," says Aristotle, "a plot 'episodic,' in which the episodes or acts succeed one another without probable or necessary sequence. Bad poets compose such pieces by their own fault; good poets to please the players." I go farther and grant that Aristotle is right when he says in the *Poetics* (ix, 10), "Of all plots and actions the episodic are the worst," and again, in the *Metaphysics,* "Nor does Nature seem to make episodes out of her happenings like a vile tragedy." Still, it remains inconceivable to me that Shakespeare, being the master he had made himself, should in these later years be guilty of such a blunder. It would mean, not that he is incompetent, but that, being incompetent, he is wantonly practising incompetency. As the American said, contemplating a certain leader of the English Bar, "A stutter may be an affliction, and a hare lip an act of God, but side-whiskers are a man's own fault."

Nor is it any answer to say that all the nasty business of Antiochus and his daughter lay at hand ready-made in the pages of Gower and of Twine's novel. To be sure it did. But what of that? Shakespeare did not huddle into *Macbeth* or into *Cymbeline* everything he found in Hollinshed, or into *Antony and Cleopatra* everything he found in North's Plutarch. In selecting what is essential, in casting out what is irrelevant or cumbersome, lies one half of a great artist's secret. So what I adduce is *artistic* evidence

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that Shakespeare (or at any rate the later Shakespeare, with whom alone we here concern ourselves) did not write Acts i and ii of *Pericles,* as we have it. Yet such evidence is almost superfluous, since all the verse-tests put the question quite out of doubt. Rhymed endings swarm throughout these two acts. There are 171 lines in the very first scene, and 46 of them rhyme. So, or almost so, it goes on until Act iii opens, with Pericles on shipboard; and just there, where the true story opens, the rhymes suddenly cease. Save as a tag to close an act there are scarcely another six rhymes (outside of the prologue and the silly "vision") in the whole of the play. The diction, the phrasing, moreover, turn suddenly into right Shakespeare. Let us listen to Pericles as he questions Marina:

> Prithee, speak:
> Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou lookest
> Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a Palace
> For the crown'd Truth to dwell in . . .
> Tell thy story:
> If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
> Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
> Have suffered like a girl. Yet thou dost look
> Like Patience gazing on kings' graves and smiling
> Extremity out of act.

Can anyone doubt the authentic voice there?

So Delius and Fleay and Sir Sidney Lee and Dr. Gollanz are undoubtedly right in ruling out Acts i and ii as un-Shakespearean, or at least not Shakespearean of this period. But I hold some of them to be as undoubtedly mistaken in ruling out the brothel scenes (Act iv, Scenes 2, 5 and 6) as un-Shakespearean. I will swear that Shakespeare wrote them. For the reader's consent, I will ask him to read over these scenes side by side with the correspondent ones in *Measure for Measure,* and then dare to deny that both are not by the same hand. Next, I refer him to a paragraph (equal truth and wisdom not to be bettered) from our modern Sir Walter Raleigh:

> *Measure for Measure* and the fourth Act of *Pericles* (which no pen but his could have written) prove Shakespeare's acquaintance with the darker side of the town, as it might be seen in Pickt-hatch or the Bankside. He does not fear to expose the purest of his heroines to the breath of this infection: their virtue is not ignorance; "'tis ingrain: 'twill endure wind and weather." In nothing

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is he more himself than in the little care he takes to provide shelter for the most delicate characters of English fiction. They owe their education to the larger world, not to the drawing-room. Even Miranda, who is more tenderly guarded than Isabella or Marina, is not the pretty simpleton that some later renderings have made of her: when Prospero speaks of the usurping Duke as being no true brother to him, she replies composedly:

> 'I should sin
> To think but nobly of my grandmother.
> Good wombs have borne bad sons.'

Shakespeare's heroines are open-eyed; therein resembling himself, who turned away from nothing that bears the human image.

No: the very greatest artists are not afraid of ugliness; since only by understanding, by plumbing the mire of our nature, can the beauty that springs from it be shown in highest triumph. Spenser *wrote* exquisitely; nor is Una's chastity a cloistered, though it be a fugitive, virtue. But how thin is her purity, how but a figment of allegory her innocence, compared with the courageous virgin chastity of Marina at bay in the house of hell, or with the fierce wifely chastity of Imogen!

There was (as we know) in the Middle Ages an extreme sentence of law, under which a woman might vindicate the jewel of her reputation by walking over red-hot ploughshares. Even such an ordeal is braved—and trodden without flinching—by Marina and Imogen.

But there is yet another and thoroughly *artistic* reason why Marina should suffer these things. Her mother, Thaisa, is to appear in the final Act as the lost wife restored after many years—a favorite device of Shakespeare's, first tried in the *Comedy of Errors,* repeated in *Much Ado About Nothing,* again here in *Pericles,* once again in *The Winter's Tale.* But let us distinguish: The *Comedy of Errors* is comedy, or rather, broad farce. In *Much Ado* and *The Winter's Tale* the hidden Hero and Hermione have both been cruelly wronged; and their revelation at the shrine abases the souls of the men who suspected them. Thaisa, risen from the grave, has no such reproach wherewith to confront Pericles, by whom she had been wronged by no single deed, but loved in life and cherished in memory. Therefore, it *must* be upon the daughter Marina—as it needs not be with the daughter Perdita—that you charge

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the audience's sense of affliction vanquished, of port attained after tempest endured.

In fact, we must understand that Marina had endured in Mitylene before we can express the full beauty of the recognition scene in *Pericles*. It has not—no need to say—the terribly beautiful grip of that scene in *Lear* where Cordelia is reconciled with her father: because, to begin with, Pericles has been no agent of Marina's suffering, as Lear has been the prime agent of Cordelia's; and secondly, there is nothing in Pericles himself to beat his soul down as Lear's —nothing to justify the lovely broken anguish of—

Cordelia: O! look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear: Pray do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Four score and upward, not an hour more or less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind
. . . Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cordelia: And so I am, I am.

Lear:
Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause; they have not.

Cordelia: No cause, no cause!

Pathos to rival *that* no workman can write into Pericles, for the simple reason that it is not in the story, which holds no anguish comparable for a source of tears. Nevertheless the recognition scene in *Pericles* has a delicate beauty of its own: and the more we study that beauty the better we understand how it depends on Marina's having endured the worst of the world as an orphan; on the much it means to her to find a father; as we see how much more thereby, in the last Act, is summed up in her cry of discovery, as she runs and kneels to Thaisa:

My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

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I shall conclude this paper with a very few words upon another play, *King Henry VIII,* which I set beside *Pericles* not as coming next to it in date (for it certainly does not) but because, like *Pericles*—and by even more general consent—it is allowed to be in great part the work of other hands than Shakespeare's. And I shall here dismiss it briefly because it is a Historical Play, and, as such, belongs to a *genus* of its own, and has an artistic intention quite apart from that of the Comedies or of the Tragedies, or of the romantic tragi-comedies with which we are here concerned; relying on different dramatic effects, and obeying therefore different rules of workmanship. I will only ask the reader here and on this point to bear always in mind that Shakespeare wrote to be *acted:* that very often a scene or a whole play of his over which we doubt in our library convinces us and vindicates itself when performed on the stage (as a captive fish, that lies dull and half dead in the hand, will, if restored to its element, revive, sport and flaunt again in its own lovely colors); and that, though on the stage today it disappoint us, the reason may yet be that the producers have mistakenly overdramatized or oversophisticated it, and so have missed the proper simplicity of the *genus.*

I think a historical play should usually be taken much as we take a procession in tapestry; should be treated on the flat, so to speak; that, without troubling our minds about dramatic concentration and high reliefs, we should allow the picture to unroll itself and trust the audience not to be offended by abrupt intervals or inconsequences. I think, in fact, that some of us who a few years ago were helping in various historical "pageants," did by our experiments —foolish as they often were—learn something of the right way with these historical plays, though it were only to trust an audience to take much for granted cheerfully. For a certainty we learned something and had a sense that, by unlearning much more, we were somehow harking back towards the secret.

But I have a better reason for speaking briefly of *Henry VIII.* It is that, after time spent on comparing theories of Shakespeare's share in it, Fletcher's share, others' share, the problem of separating its authorship remains insoluble to me. I do not yet know, and shall not attempt to tell.

One or two points, however, may be established.

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(1) The main business of Katharine is indisputable Shakespeare. We have only to compare her trial scene with Hermione's in *The Winter's Tale* to convince ourselves. And, as Dr. Johnson noted, "the genius of Shakespeare comes in and goes out with Katharine."

(2) Katharine's "vision" should not, being beautiful, have its beauty taken for evidence that Shakespeare invented it. Most of the visions in these late plays are so rankly bad that to a just mind any excellence in it ought to point the other way. (Yet my private opinion is that Shakespeare did invent it: because it belongs to the business of Katharine, which is his, and because the apparitions do not open their mouths.)

If we insist on judging *Henry VIII* as a drama (setting aside for the moment all questions of mixed authorship) its workmanship has perhaps no one capital flaw to compare with that of *Pericles;* but it misses its purpose no less fatally. *Pericles* consumes two Acts in getting at nothing at all, and starts afresh. *King Henry VIII,* after starting with a promise in the Prologue to make us weep over the spectacle of high things brought low,—

> And if you can be merry then, I'll say
> A man may weep upon his wedding day.

starts upon Buckingham, works his fate to a climax, drops it, starts upon Katharine, works hers to a climax, drops it, starts upon Wolsey, works his to a climax, drops it, and winds up with a merry christening. The first four Acts might pass as a serious experiment in connecting episodes to form a drama. But the fifth mars all, making all incongruous, dismissing us from the house of mourning with a poke in the ribs and a slap on the face. There is a unity which ranks above the famous unities of action, time and place. It is a *moral* unity; which Aristotle forgot to mention for the simple reason that he could not conceive of a Greek writer offending against it. But the authors of *Henry VIII* do so offend—that is, if we insist on taking it as a drama, not as a pageant. For my own belief, Shakespeare had nothing to do with the last Act, in which the artistic offense is found.

For the other flaw—that of the three climaxes—my own belief again is that Shakespeare was experimenting with the historical play much as he had experimented in *Pericles,*

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The Winter's Tale, Cymbeline: that he saw, or thought he saw, a way to *draw out* drama over a long period of time and took for his theme the transitoriness of human ambition—which, when we come to think of it, can scarcely be better illustrated than by a *procession* of men and women, each rising on another's misfortune, each in turn abased, and humiliated in the dust.

> Think ye see
> The very persons of our noble story
> As they were living; think you see them great,
> And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
> Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
> How soon this mightiness meets misery.

The date of *King Henry VIII* (or, to be accurate, of its production) is unfortunately pretty certain. As we know, one of its earliest performances set the Globe Theatre on fire. That is the kind of artistic event which gets itself precisely recorded in letters and diaries: and this one did. It happened on June 29th, 1613.

I say that the date is "unfortunately pretty certain"—"unfortunately," because it fixes the production of *Henry VIII* a little after that of *The Tempest;* and the most of us would like to think of *The Tempest* as the final triumph upon which Prospero snapped his wand and buried his book. But, after all, *King Henry VIII* is anybody's child: while all of *The Tempest* is right Shakespeare. Let us "make it so," as good mariners say, after observing the heavens.

ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH.

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DRAMA AND MUSIC

The War and the Tone-poets: Debussy's Hymn of Hate.—The Red Man in the Theatre

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

Among those who cerebrate along the line of least resistance there is a seemingly incorrigible belief that the War is going to affect favorably the several arts—that it is going to kill off the Cubists, chasten the rebellious soul of Mr. Ezra Pound, frighten Miss Amy Lowell back to the path of metrical righteousness, and bring the musical Futurists up with a sharp turn. In other words, it has been touchingly assumed that the great slaughter is to have a wholesomely purgative influence: that after it is over, the arts will be less inclined to flirt with novelties of form and attitude, less self-conscious and experimental.

Well, the War will soon have completed its second year, and we observe no significant modification of ante-bellum tendencies in the arts. The Cubists are seemingly unrepentant; we have lost track of Mr. Pound, but Miss Amy Lowell is still functioning with unabated energy; and, in the remoter world of music, the impious Mr. Stravinsky (with his *Grotesques* for string quartet) and Mr. Leo Ornstein (with his violin sonata) are still enthusiastically engaged in scrawling their ribaldries on the august walls of the Temple of Music, to the cautiously dissembled horror of the orthodox, the honest bewilderment of the unattached, and the unconcealed entertainment of the denizens of the intellectual underworld.

So, apparently, the War is not effecting that world-wide aesthetic catharsis which was so confidently expected by dismayed conservatives. Is it, on the other hand, exhibiting any creative effect? We can think of no instance except the profoundly inspired and extraordinarily beautiful sonnets of

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Rupert Brooke. Aside from these, the arts—so far as we are aware—have been unresponsive in the presence of this terrific force which, though materially destructive, was to be aesthetically so fructifying. But our concern for the moment is with the particular art of music; and here we can be fairly positive.

War may, and has (though rarely), inspired great poetry; it has never yet inspired great music. If there is in existence any music of the highest excellence that owed its inspiration to war, we should like to have it pointed out to us. The only admirable war music we know is in the "Battle-field" section of Richard Strauss's *Heldenleben;* but that, superb piece of virtuosity though it is, remains at best an overwhelming tour de force. Yet this is the only music inspired by the thought of war, or intended to evoke a picture of war, that we have ever been able to listen to with any interest; and in this matter we plume ourselves on being exceptionally tolerant: for even that redoubtable champion of Strauss, Mr. Ernest Newman, balks at the veracity of the *Heldenleben* battle-music; and of course the general musical public turns from it with dismay and loathing. So, it seems, if music which deals candidly and realistically with war—with war face to face—is as disaffecting, upon close acquaintance, as war itself, in what creative way shall we expect music to react to it? Why, of course,—you say,—in its aspects of pity and sorrow, of valor and sacrifice: that is to say, its finer emotional precipitations. What is the reason, you may wonder, that music cannot reflect the war as nobly and poignantly and beautifully as the last sonnets of Rupert Brooke reflected it? We shall not assume to say that it cannot; we shall be content to say merely that as yet it has not done so—that it has not given us the kind of war-inspired emotion and war-inspired beauty that poetry has given us in, for example, Brooke's *The Soldier.*

Certainly, few who are upon equally intimate terms with music and poetry will deny that, of the two arts, music is the more richly equipped to utter with eloquence and beauty the nobler emotions of war. What music *could* do in this region of psychic reaction and notation, if it were set to the task with devoted intentness of vision, was indicated some years ago by that consummate master of tonal speech, Charles Martin Loeffler, when he set, for *a cappella* chorus, T. W. Parsons' Civil War threnody, *For One Who Fell in*

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Battle. This music, as a whole, was by no means of Mr. Loeffler's best; yet there were moments when it touched a point of exceeding loveliness and pathos—moments when it came close to being comparable, for fineness and richness of emotional fibre, with the war sonnets of Brooke. And now, as a crucial test of the matter, we have the record of Claude Debussy's reaction to the present war.

Debussy has just given us a song, to words of his own contrivance, which is as immediate and direct a reaction, as perfect a test, as we could ask. He calls it *Noël des Enfants qui n'ont plus de Maisons,* which his translator has rendered as *Christmas Carol for Homeless Children.* We shall quote a few lines from this poem—using the remarkable English version attributed to a certain Swayne Saint René Taillandier—in order that the nature of Debussy's subject may be better understood:

> We have no more house nor home!
> Enemies took all we had;
> All gone, all gone,
> Even our own little bed!
> The school they burnt;
> They burnt our teacher, too.
> They burnt the church
> And Mister Jesus Christ;
> The poor old beggar, too,
> Who could not get away!
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Jesu! Infant Jesu! do not go to them;
> Don't go back to them ever; punish them all!
> Avenge the children of France! The little Belgians,
> The little Serbians, and the Polish children, too!
>
> * * * * * * * *
>
> Jesu! listen to us, our wooden shoes we have no more;
> So please give victory to the children of France!

We hasten to say that the original French of Debussy's text is better than this; but, at its best, it is bad enough to fill with malign rejoicing the enemies of his country. Herr Lissauer's famous Hymn of Hate was cheap and contemptible enough, in all conscience; but Debussy's is puerile. He would perform a far greater service for his fame by offering himself to German bullets than by putting forth such bathos as this precious *Christmas Carol.*

But, you ask, what of the music? Well, poor music is never as conspicuously poor as poor verse; yet in the music

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of this song Debussy has apparently striven valiantly to get down to the abysmal levels of his text. For those who care deeply for the incomparable music of *Pelléas et Mélisande*, of *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*, of *Rondes de Printemps*, of *La Mer*, of certain songs and piano pieces matchless for beauty and distinction, this production is tragically disheartening. Writing, unquestionably, out of a sincere emotion, you would have expected Debussy to penetrate beneath the surface of his paltry verses and extract from the heart of them music of true and affecting eloquence. But he has done nothing of the sort. He has given us seven pages of music that is amazing for its flatness, its thinness, its vacuity, its triteness. It has a certain feeble pensiveness, and for a few measures (in the setting of *Noël! écoutez-nous, nous n'avons plus de petits sabots*) you get a glimpse of the old Debussy: the Debussy who could ravish the spirit with a mere gesture of his enchanter's wand; who could free the imagination with a chord. But with this exception, you will look fruitlessly for even a hint that the waters have been deeply stirred; for we decline to believe that the treasures in the depths have been exhausted.

Was it Mr. Huneker who asked once if genius can be turned on and off like a tap? We are afraid it can.

Our American Red Man has seldom been happily placed in dramatic or musical art. On the stage he has been, almost without exception, either an absurdity or a bore. To the imagination a puissant and heroic being, he has defied concrete projection in plays and operas. Why it is that so romantic and stirring a figure should thus defy dramatic or lyric embodiment is not easy to say. We recall with distress various theatrical Indians—from those of *The Girl I Left Behind Me* to those that Mr. Belasco and Mr. Puccini insinuated into the adventures of that later Girl: she of the Golden West; and in those splendid inaugural days of the New Theatre Mrs. Mary Austin was encouraged to amuse herself with the theme. Whatever the reason, the Indian in dramatic action has always involved a reckless invitation to the Comic Spirit. He has seldom imposed himself upon the imaginations of opera-makers—a gracious Providence, divinely humorous, has preserved us from a plague of singing Indians. There was, to be sure, Mr. Victor Herbert's *Natoma;* but the lyric Indian in that unfortunate work

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was merely Miss Mary Garden in a deplorably unbecoming make-up. The imagination reels at the thought of a male Indian—either the picturesque savage of the romantic tradition or his unlovely survival on the reservations—as a serious figure in opera. On the whole, he has been best served by the composers of music not written for the stage; though we know only one experiment with the theme which has achieved complete dignity, power, and beauty, and that is Edward MacDowell's *Indian Suite* for orchestra. In this noble, imaginative, and most touching music,—with its songs of love and war and mourning, its scenes of ritual and festivity,—is to be found certainly the first, and not improbably the last, successful attempt to deal profoundly and poetically with material which has always proved intractable and unrewarding for the artist in any field.

MacDowell was, as we all know, a man of genius; Mr. George Scarborough, whose *Heart of Wetona* was produced a while ago at the Lyceum Theatre, with the tactful assistance of Mr. Belasco, may perhaps not yet be similarly described. Surely no one in his senses would accuse either Mr. Scarborough or his distinguished confederate of an intention to produce in this instance a work of art. *The Heart of Wetona* is a reckless, joyous, and most delectable melodrama, packed with fabulous heroisms, fabulous villainies, fabulous sacrifices and revenges and fidelities; yet in one of its aspects it approaches uncomfortably close to registering an artistic feat. We refer to the figure of the Indian Comanche Chief, Quannah. How much of the astonishing veracity, dignity, and force of this creation should be credited to Mr. Scarborough and Mr. Belasco, and how much to the dominating embodiment of the character by Mr. William Courtleigh, we shall not pretend to determine. Nor do we know whether Quannah exhibits a verifiable picture of Indian psychology under the painful circumstances by which he is afflicted in this play—we are not sufficiently expert in that field to say; the point is that you fancy, while watching him in action, that he does: and that is enough. Here, at last, is a stage Indian who is as far as possible from being either a joke or a bore: an Indian who compasses both tragic dignity and tragic force: who curiously and disconcertingly succeeds in making those other characters who are mere White Men look a little puny and trifling and ineffectual.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE RISING OF A STAR[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

KINGS is kings, and you've got to make allowances, said Huckleberry Finn; but some have had no cause to make these allowances: some have dwelt happily, without need for reservation or excuse, in the benign effulgence of royal favor. Of such is Miss Geraldine Farrar. It has ever, of course, been one of the perquisites of prima donnas to enjoy the friendship of sovereigns, nobles, and the lesser great of earth; but Miss Farrar was born and reared in parts remote from the domains of royalty; and therefore we are entitled to be more than usually dazzled, from our provincial standpoint, by consideration of her case. So we shall make no concealment of the bourgeois thrill which awoke in us when, at the close of the ninth chapter of Miss Farrar's autobiography, we found her observing in her irresistible American way: "What a perfect darling old King Oscar was!" When Miss Farrar sang at Stockholm, King Oscar never missed a performance; and when her farewell was celebrated, His Majesty not only decorated her with the gold cross of the Order of Merit, but gave her a complete set of Swedish stamps for her friend Caruso,—who, we are edified to learn, is a postage-stamp "fan."

And then, of course, there was Miss Farrar's good friend, Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany, and the Crown Prince. In a chapter entitled "Imperial Encouragement," Miss Farrar writes with unimpeachable candor of these exalted friends. This was in the days before Teutonic "Frightfulness" had reared its head; and yet you gasp a little when Miss Farrar

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[1] *Geraldine Farrar: The Story of an American Singer.* By Herself. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916.

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tells you how she defied the order of the German Court to wear either lavender or black, with gloves and no jewelry, at the command performance to which the Kaiser had summoned her. Miss Farrar was sorry, but neither black nor lavender became her, and she never wore gloves while singing: it was her custom to wear what she chose when she sang, and she chose white. The Court—need we say?—capitulated. Miss Farrar wore white.

This was the forerunner of many pleasant social gatherings at the Palace, when Miss Farrar (and her mother) were "honored guests." It was at one of these gatherings that Miss Farrar met the Crown Prince. Miss Farrar was naturally interested in the personality of the heir to the throne; she liked him at once, and "spoke to him at some length." Thereafter the Prince frequented the royal box at the Opera, and became a critic of music. Miss Farrar still has a card sent to her by him after a certain performance—a card showing the Palace gardens, and bearing this scribbled message:

You played very well to-night.—WILHELM.

But no artist, as Miss Farrar discerningly remarks, can hope to escape permanently "the evil tongue and jealousy of those who envy her the success she has won." Thus it happened that the Crown Prince's sudden interest in opera "was made the baseless pretext of a wild rumor of the romantic attachment of the youthful heir for a certain American prima donna singing at the Royal Opera," and Miss Farrar became "the unconscious victim of many canards." The truth of the matter, she tells us, was that the Crown Prince, being just out of college and fond of music, was naturally drawn to take notice of "the only young prima donna at the opera house." In other words, it was simply that Miss Farrar possessed a monopoly of juvenility; and monopoly, as always, proved irresistible. What explanation could be more persuasive, more disarming? We wonder that Miss Farrar's father, a distinguished baseball player and an athlete of prowess, should have found it necessary to go to the length of "retaliating by a physical reminder to one editor that such slanders are not circulated with impunity about young American women." Thus was the ophidian tongue of calumny silenced forever, you are encouraged to assume: for Miss Farrar's father still lives.

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We said, in beginning, that Miss Farrar had never been called upon to make allowances for the behavior of kings. It was different with the lesser great. We are thinking of the case of Count Ischki P——. Count Ischki P—— was a Pole. Tall, handsome, bearded, he obliged Miss Farrar by making change for her while she was travelling (with her mother) on a train between Berlin and Warsaw. Very rich, with a romantic temperament, he began at once to assail Miss Farrar, both on the train and at Warsaw, with flowers, sweetmeats, candies, "even attempting to send me jewelry." The climax came one afternoon when Miss Farrar, sitting quietly in her hotel apartment reading (you like to fancy) Emerson's essay on *Self-Reliance,* was invaded by the Count, faultlessly dressed, who threw himself upon his knees in the midst of a débris of candy-boxes and repudiated jewelry, and declared that, unless Miss Farrar would marry him, he "would quickly die the death of a madman." But Miss Farrar, fortified by Emerson, "gently motioned for him to arise and depart," as she relates the stirring episode. "'I am only a cold, heartless, American girl,' I replied. 'I love only my Art, and I shall never marry anybody'"—thus, incidentally, is fixed for us authoritatively the original enunciation of an historic decision.

Almost from the start, Miss Farrar seems to have lived for Art. "This God-sent gift of song," she says, "was bestowed upon me for some purpose, I know not what. If early in life I dimly sensed this insecurity [the possibility that "something might mar the delicate instrument"], yet always have I gone onward and upward, eager for that which Fate had in store for me." This high and mystic sense of consecration to a great Ideal, an Increasing Purpose, seems to have guided Miss Farrar's primal steps. "From the days of my earliest recollection," she tells us, "I have labored unceasingly to attain the goal which I believed and hoped Destiny had marked out for me." Miss Farrar recalls gazing into an open fireplace in her childhood home at Melrose, Mass., in her second or third year, "trying to conjure up strange and fanciful shapes and figures." She would then stroll to the great, old-fashioned square piano in the corner, and, standing on tiptoe, would strum upon the keys. It seems to her now that she was then striving to give expression musically to the strange shapes and figures suggested to her imagination by the flames. But singing, rather than com-

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position, was, as the doctors say, plainly "indicated." Miss Farrar, who was a happy baby, sang when other babies usually cry; and at the age of three she took part in a church concert. At five, she became aware of the possession of "dynamic energy," of a "reckless nature, impatient at restraint." With dark hair, worn short, looking like "an impish boy," gypsy-like, magnetic, no wonder she felt, as she confesses, that she "could influence others": "I always had the utmost faith in a certain power of magnetism . . . and often I experimented just to see what effects I could produce." But though a happy child, Miss Farrar possessed either temper or temperament—she is not sure which; and she was often moody, irritable, depressed. When in this condition she employed a most meritorious expedient,—a device which should commend itself to all artists of temperament. She wore, as a danger signal, "a pair of distinctive black-and-white checked stockings, the most hideous things one can imagine. 'Mother,' I said, 'when I wear these things I want to be let alone.'"

For Miss Farrar, and for mankind, January 15, 1896, will ever remain a date big with moment. It was then—twenty years ago—that Miss Farrar gave her first public concert, at the Town Hall in Melrose. Miss Farrar's "selection" was from *Mignon* (in Italian), and upon the same programme were the Alpine Quartet, of Woburn; Miss Cora Cummings, banjo soloist; and a reciter. In the Spring of the same year she achieved a Boston appearance, at a pupils' concert in Association Hall, which provoked the music critic of the *Melrose Reporter* to an uttterance which Miss Farrar characterizes as prophetic: "With hopeful anticipation [we read], her many loving friends will follow her future—which seems already unfolding, and as the child glides to womanhood, our little twinkling star may rise by and by from dear Melrose, and become resplendent in the musical firmament, where all the world will love to listen and do her homage."

We shall not trace Miss Farrar's years of study in Boston, in New York, and in Washington—to which peaceful capital she was removed from the metropolis because, with her "intense emotional nature," its atmosphere was found to be over-stimulating. It was in the Autumn of 1899, in her seventeenth year, that Miss Farrar "abandoned herself to the glory of dreams," and (with her mother) "set forth to the Old World of her dreams and hopes, ready to slave in

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passionate devotion and enthusiasm to further the career that meant her life—to conquer in song." In other words, she went to Paris to study singing. But not until two years later did Miss Farrar's period of gleaming legend begin: when, in Berlin, she encountered "Romance, Fame, and Wealth under the shadow of the Prussian eagle's wing." Is it any wonder that the Intendant of the Royal Opera, Count von Hochberg, engaged her without much ado?—and that "Miss Geraldine Farrar aus New York," with her "happy combination of voice, personality, and—eyes," made her momentous début on October 15, 1901, as Marguerite, wearing the simplest of dainty blue crêpe-de-chine frocks, with a lace bonnet over blond curls. "Mother said I looked like an angel"—as no doubt she did. Moreover, Dr. Karl Muck (not yet seduced from the Kaiser by the temptings of Mr. Higginson), graciously concealed his vein of ironic diabolism and "conducted divinely"—as was fitting and appropriate.

Miss Farrar's triumphs under the Prussian eagle's wing are known to all. We can easily believe, even without her assurance, that this "crazy American," young, slender, "and, some said, beautiful" ("and then there were—eyes!") really did leave behind her "very beautiful memories in the hearts of our loyal German public." Of all the stimulating and thrice-memorable matters that she recalls to us out of those thrilling years until her triumphal return voyage up the harbor of New York in November, 1906 (a virginal Cleopatra, "wearing a most fetching little turban and some beautiful furs: the picture wouldn't be unattractive")—of all these recollections, we say, we like best her picture of herself and the two rival tenors at Berlin. Mr. Caruso, whose German début had made a sensation, sang opposite Miss Farrar, to her delight. But there was a complication. While Mr. Caruso was singing on the stage with her, Miss Farrar was poignantly conscious that there was another, Franz Naval, who had sung opposite her for three years, sitting, disconsolate, in a box. "However, I compromised with the two by usually having tea with Franz and dinner with Enrico, and the artistic world rolled smoothly on"—a picture of indisputable and abiding charm, dispelling, through its mellow and amiable connotations, a thousand ungenerous prepossessions concerning the rancours of the operatic temperament.

Upon another charming picture, scarcely less treasur-

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able than that to which we have just referred, we shall close these random and faint reverberations to a notable and impressive book. It was in February, 1907, that Miss Farrar brought New York to her feet. Who that witnessed it can easily forget that first disclosure of her Madame Butterfly? The evening was indeed "a triumph for us all, and for me in particular." There were flowers, laurel wreaths ("one with a darling little flag of Nippon tucked away in the green leaves"), "thanks from author, directors, and so on, embraces, applause, excitement—all the usual hubbub of a successful *première* . . . Ah! adorable, unforgettable blossom of Japan! Thanks to your gentle ways, that night I placed my foot on the rung of the ladder that leads to the firmament of stars!"—Reaching home, somehow, after that tumultuous and historic night, the weary prima donna "sobbed herself to sleep on her mother's shoulder."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

JULIA WARD HOWE. By Laura E. Richards and Maud Howe Elliott, assisted by Florence Howe Hall. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson said of Julia Ward Howe's *Reminiscences,* published in 1899, that the work might have been "spread out into three or four interesting octavos; but in her hurried grasp it is squeezed into one volume, where groups of delightful interviews with heroes at home and abroad are crowded into some single sentence." Mrs. Howe's life-story, as told by her daughters, certainly does not err on the side of brevity or want of detail. Yet in the numerous extracts from letters or private journal which make up the bulk of the two volumes, there is something of the same effect of which Colonel Higginson complained—the effect of much material somewhat hurriedly squeezed into a little space. There is a superabundance of experience, a superabundance of ideas; the expression of thoughts has to be abbeviated; mere intimations have to suffice. One is continually under the impression that the writer would have said more if she had time, and one is certain, too, that the more would have been worth reading.

As a biography, this life of Mrs. Howe is a little dissatisfying, in two particulars. There is, first, the effect of hurry and compression just spoken of. Scattered through the letters and journals there are, to be sure, many notable sayings—sayings shrewd or witty. But on the whole the effect of hurry and incompleteness is rather prevalent. Then, too, there is, from the point of view of readableness and continuity of interest, rather too much than too little detail in the two volumes of the Life. This is only to say that the work has somehow failed to develop that unity and that almost epic quality which distinguish the greatest biographies. Nevertheless one would hardly say that there is anything in the Life that one would wish away, and it may be said that the book splendidly achieves its main purpose: it portrays a great character with lively truth and with something like completeness. Admirers of Mrs. Howe would hardly have been satisfied with a record less full; that the record for all its fulness of detail seems seldom quite fully expressive is the fault

Rich and varied as are the experiences related in this story of merely of circumstances and of human limitations.

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Mrs. Ward's life, interesting as are the notes of work and travel, and study, and fun, and social interchange, in which the narrative abounds, the biography of Mrs. Howe is not one of those which will be read chiefly, or in any large degree, for its connected accounts of events or movements, or for its anecdotes of people. In this history of a life too active to permit of studied and careful record, the effect of character is dominant; and this effect is one that has to be gathered as the final impression of a composite whole—a blending of saintliness and "friskiness"; the steady love of virtue and the recurrent fondness for jewels; the deep intellectual interests and the capacity for joyous nonsense. Entries like these jostle one another upon the same page of Mrs. Howe's journal:

"Kant's *Anthropologia* is rather trifling after his great works. I read it to find out what Anthropology is."

* * * * * *

"Good is a direction; virtue a habit."

* * * * * *

"Wearied by endless running about to find help for my charade, —having disappointed me. Determine to undertake nothing more of the kind."

It is impossible in a limited space to speak justly and adequately of all the elements of interest which enter into Mrs. Howe's life story. There is, however, a dominant impression, which may be set down. William James once made the suggestive remark that in all probability we all have powers of the existence of which we are commonly unaware, and which we seldom or never use. The thought that human personality is less limited than is ordinarily supposed, that it may draw upon secret sources of power, is fascinating and finds confirmation in experience. The life of Mrs. Howe seems an illustration of this thesis. Here is a woman, one continually feels, who has reached a higher state of consciousness than do most persons—her imagination, her sympathy, her faith, her intuition, reach out beyond the narrow bounds of personality, and hence there is more light and more power in her than one can quite account for or than is ever in words quite expressed. Of something of the sort she was herself no doubt conscious. Yet she was no mystic in the popular sense. "I do not desire ecstatic, disembodied sainthood," she said, late in life," because I do not wish to abdicate any one of the attributes of my humanity. I cherish even the infirmities that bind me to my kind. I would be human, and American, and a woman."

Always in Mrs. Howe's biography, the human element matches the spiritual element. There is an unusually acute consciousness of both, and an alternation between the two. In January, 1889, Mrs. Howe wrote in her journal: "In my prayer this night I asked for weight and earnestness of purpose. I am too frivolous and frisky." Again at a much later date we read: "I did not dare to write to anyone yesterday, my head was so full of nonsense. Reaction, brain-

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fatigue takes this shape with me, and everything goes 'higgle-wiggledy, hi-cockalorum,' or words to that effect." Short of pure sainthood, perfect tranquillity is seldom anything but self-complacence, and it is not surprising to find that these alternations of mood from the exalted to the nonsensical, from the earnest to the "frivolous," were accompanied by some measure of divine discontent. Certainly, there is no complaint or expression of dissatisfaction with life in these memoirs, yet one would hardly call their dominant note restfulness. Perhaps it is just this unrest, this consciousness of the dualism of life at a high level of mental and spiritual development, which gives to Mrs. Howe's Life its fascination and its profound human appeal.

ORDEAL BY BATTLE. By Frederick Scott Oliver, London: Macmillan and Company, Limited, 1915.

It would be according far too large a measure of praise to an excellent piece of work to declare that Mr. Oliver's book about the great war is a perfectly coherent and well-rounded treatise, sufficient in its analysis of cause and effect, wholly satisfying in its inferences. The unity of Mr. Oliver's book, is in a sense, largely formal. As in other works upon this or similar themes, little enlightenment is to be gained from the orderly marshalling of topics: the whole refuses to be firmly knit together; the treatise resolves itself into a series of comments, and the *obiter dicta* sometimes become of more importance than what appears for the moment to be the main thesis.

Measured by an ideal standard, or by the desires of those who crave certainty in a world of doubt, Mr. Oliver's book is deficient—as the author would readily concede. It opens up no new and royal road to comprehension. The reader, in fact, will find himself traversing, in several different directions, paths more or less well trodden. The fact remains, however, that Mr. Oliver has written, on the whole, the most energetic, the most subtle and the most suggestive discussion from the English point of view of the war and the larger problems it raises that has yet been produced. In intellectual reach, in psychological penetration, in the combination of dispassionate logic with scathing criticism and stirring appeal, Mr. Oliver excels most of his contemporaries. He possesses the eloquence of a modern prophet—a prophet, let us say of imperialism or of militarism—with more of the usual excess and with none of the customary cocksureness. This is high praise, but it is deserved.

In consequence of the broad nature of his theme, Mr. Oliver does, indeed, tell us a good deal that we have heard before; though it may well be that we have never heard it so well expressed nor with precisely similar emphasis. That "peace is the greatest of

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British interests," that " peaceful intentions will not ensure peace," —these are ideas much bruited about at present. Again, Mr. Oliver's whole discussion of the causes of war, with its just emphasis upon moral elements, such as underlay our own " irrepressible conflict," is, though clear and sound, not by any means novel. The reasoning of the chapter entitled " Who Wanted War?" is extraordinarily forceful, but not unfamiliar in outline. Of more startling import is the author's rather convincing demonstration of the thesis that war was far from inevitable had England been materially and morally prepared for it. Full of psychological and political insight, too, is the chapter upon the causes and characteristics of international ill-will. But the chapter upon " German Miscalculations," and the whole review of the spirit of German policy—especially the chapters upon " The New Moralists " and " The Statecraft of a Priesthood " —are in the main but restatements, with some enhanced meanings and some wise retrenchments, of general views with which the world has of late familiarized itself.

The really arresting thought and the real power of Mr. Oliver's treatise are chiefly concentrated in the parts of the book entitled " The Spirit of British Policy " and " Democracy and National Service." It is the author's discussion of these subjects, one may surmise, that will take the strongest hold upon the interest of American readers; for here, in dealing with the problems of England in her war with Germany, Mr. Oliver has reached out for—and, many will think, has grasped—principles that concern not only England, but all free governments as well.

In the first place, the author makes it plain that England's danger from Germany is twofold: there is not only the danger of conquest by force of arms, but there is also the danger of conquest by ideas. Two different kinds of cosmos, or two irreconcilably different conceptions of the one cosmos, are in conflict. The author goes on to show the relation of this struggle to the fate of democratic institutions in general. " It is not true," he points out, " that this is a war between the rival principles of democracy and autocracy." It is rather " a fight between the modern spirit of Germany and the unchanging spirit of civilization." The former assumption confuses cause with effect. " And yet it is unquestionably true to say, that by reason of Germany's procedure, this war is being waged against democracy—not perhaps by intention, but certainly in effect. For if the Allies should be defeated, or even if they should fail to conquer their present enemies, the result must necessarily be wounding to the credit of popular institutions all the world over—fatal to their existence in Europe at any rate, fatal conceivably, at no long distance of time, to their existence elsewhere than in Europe."

This statement of the case as regards democracy is followed up by an analysis of the British process of " muddling through,"—an

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analysis which is in fact not only an unsparing, a terribly gentle, criticism of British methods and British statesmen, but an earnest admonition as to the danger of deterioration to which democratic government is exposed through the operation of the party system. The concealment or neglect of real issues—in the case of England, such issues as the need of security and the importance of maintaining the balance of power—the substitution of logical agility for fundamental truth which occurs when government has become too partisan and too "lawyerlike"; a dearth of leaders who really lead—these are some of the dangers which the author points out, and illustrates. Mr. Oliver is a believer in democracy; he has faith that it will ultimately conquer; yet he pertinently observes that, "though there may be consolation for certain minds, there is no safety for the nation in the simple faith that democracy is in its nature invincible. On the contrary, it fights at a disadvantage, both by reason of its inferiority in central control, and because it shrinks from ruthlessness." Democracy, in short, must demonstrate its right to survive.

Closely connected with this examination of the weaknesses of democracy as revealed in a crisis, is the author's comparison of compulsory with voluntary service. Just here, Mr. Oliver's conclusions may seem to American readers startlingly paradoxical. That voluntary enlistment is the least oppressive way of recruiting the army and the one most in harmony with free institutions, would seem to many almost self-evident. But there are puzzling questions that may be asked. Is there, for instance, really any such thing as voluntary enlistment? Is not enlistment practically always the result of some form of compulsion, as for example the compulsion of hunger? And is not public compulsion preferable to private or accidental compulsion of any sort? And, again, is it either wise or just to impose the duty of defending the country upon a body, not indeed of "mercenary," but certainly of professional, soldiers?

Or by what right do the majority of the citizens of a nation demand that their lives and property should be protected by two classes—those who love danger, and those who possess an unusually strong sense of duty? The whole discussion is vividly illustrated by references to the present British methods of recruiting—through posters and pleas.

This book of Mr. Oliver's—written at high tension yet with calmness, with argumentative adroitness and yet with fairness—commands attention. It undoubtedly has significance for Americans.

NOTES OF A BUSY LIFE. By Joseph Benson Foraker. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company, 1916.

"As I now look back over my twelve years of service in the

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Senate," writes Mr. Foraker in his recently published reminiscences, "I do not find an important vote or speech that I would recall if I had the power to do so." The book, in fact, impresses one as the record of a sincere man and a hard fighter—an honest and vigorous reaffirmation of views formerly held, a justification of past courses. As such it possesses interest, yet its point of view is rather too exclusively that indicated in the sentence just quoted. The book is in somewhat too large a degree an *apologia pro vita sua* to hold interest of the higher and more permanent sort. One feels that it is a pity that the author of these notes has not at once compressed his material and in retrospect broadened his views and philosophized his theme. As it is, long quotations from speeches and the rehearsal of controversies not always of prime importance crowd and cumber the two volumes of the reminiscences.

The author's discussion of various important legislative measures with which he was concerned and of debates in which he took part during his strenuous career as a senator is occasionally of historic value. Yet here there is a certain want of proportion. In the accumulation and sifting of evidence as to the authorship of certain important acts—including the Sherman Law—the author deals with details that are almost too minute for history and scarcely profitable to the general reader. Again, the story of the Brownsville affray, over which Senator Foraker bickered with President Roosevelt, occupies an amount of space rather disproportioned to its ultimate importance.

There is much skillful logical combat in these two volumes for the lover of debate and much weighty and vigorous eloquence for the lover of public speaking. There are, too, peppery and forceful expressions of opinion, and occasionally vivid character sketches.

Theodore Roosevelt is thus described in a letter of Mr. Foraker's to John Sherman, written in 1884:

"I found Mr. Roosevelt to be a young man of rather peculiar qualities, but sincerely anxious to bring the Edmunds men to your side. He is a little bit young, and on that account has not quite so much discretion as he will have after a while, and for that reason was somewhat less influential than I hoped to find him."

The same letter refers to Henry Cabot Lodge in terms of high esteem: "A genuine good man—not only absolutely honest in all that he endeavored to do but . . . a man of culture and a man of most excellent judgment . . . nothing cranky about him. He is a coming man without doubt." In this and similar passages there are entertaining bits of personal description, anecdote or estimate of character. Now and then, too, more general views are expressed with exceptional frankness and point, as in the following outburst about "Mugwumps": I have observed that most men who have distinguished themselves in my time by loud profession of superior virtues and devotion to reform, have been men who would violate

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every precept they preached for the sake of forcing their views upon others, and then sulk and refuse to play if they could not have their own way."

For those who enjoy hard hitting there are stimulating passages in these reminiscences. On the whole, however, they are less instructive historically and politically, less rewarding in human interest—in anecdotes and estimates of men—than might be expected.

FRENCH NOVELISTS OF TODAY (Second Series). By Winifred Stephens. New York: John Lane Company, 1915.

Varying in quality between merely "popular" or conventional interest and really illuminating criticism, the recently published volume by Winifred Stephens, entitled *French Novelists of Today*, seldom fails to pique curiosity and occasionally satisfies the desire for real literary interpretation. The opening chapter, which deals with *The French Novel on the Eve of the War*, though cursory, is well worth reading. With lightness of touch and with precision, the author outlines and illustrates the modern French tendencies in fiction, enabling her readers to feel in some measure the power of the Catholic Revival—a stream of thought and feeling that flows in two main directions, the one dogmatic, constructive, classical, the other mystic, liberal, romantic; the one dominated by the traditionism of Barrès, the other by the vitalism of Bergson. The decay of rationalism, the gradual abandonment of irony, the symptomatic glorification of sport—to all these elements the author gives some sort of form and connection.

As interpretations the chapters of this volume are not always very satisfactory. There is sometimes a sense of effort in keeping upon the high critical level and a tendency to use, for instance, the word "significant" without much meaning. From the essay upon Marcelle Tinayre one derives little beyond the impression of a vivid feminine personality and a general effect of romance and color. Comment upon Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe* is doubtless somewhat like comment upon the Atlantic Ocean: it can hardly be adequate. Miss Stephens is analytical to the extent of indicating in this vast work "the blending in one temperament of the tendencies of Eastern and Western, of Teutonic and Celtic culture." Perhaps her most illuminating comment, however, is her remark to the effect that, despite obvious differences, *Jean Christophe* and *Les Misérables* resemble each other in their intense aliveness. Concerning the brothers Jerôme and Jean Tharaud, lovers of life and glamour and poets of *une existence tourmenté*, we learn but little that is critically distinctive or memorable. Again, the account of Pierre Mille, who has been called, not very accurately, "the French Kipling," is

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rather an imperfect description than an interpretation. Concerning René Boylesve, on the other hand, the author writes with a deeper, or at any rate a more contagious, appreciation. Readers of her chapter upon this author will receive a clear impression of an artist's work and character, an impression enhanced in detail and in feeling above the obvious.

On the whole the accounts of French novelists which this volume contains are entertaining, critically intelligent, and deserving of at least a rapid reading.

GOOD FRIDAY AND OTHER POEMS. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

As to Mr. Masefield's possession of genius there can be little serious dispute. As to the success he achieves in attempting to deal with so tremendous a theme as that of his dramatic poem, *Good Friday*, there may well be a difference of opinion. The theme—nothing less than the Crucifixion—may seem to many minds to dwarf the art of the poet—though Mr. Masefield's poetry does not belittle the theme. The devices of the dramatist and of the poet—studied simplicity, suggestions, restraint—are all needed here, and they all appear to be with relation to this theme rather trifling.

Mr. Masefield's mood seems not to be that of one who attempts things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme; his attitude appears almost, if the word may be pardoned, evasive. The grandeur of the subject is so far relied upon to speak for itself that the impressiveness of the poem as a poem becomes to a certain extent fictitious. The reader feels that he ought to be impressed and thrilled—in some degree he actually is so—and yet one's direct response to the words of the poet lacks that strength and spontaneity that great poetry ought to excite.

The case is otherwise with the sonnets by Mr. Masefield which are included in this volume. In these there is a real depth and wonderful expressiveness; there is an almost savage realism, a strange picturesqueness. One sonnet in particular is notable for its union of these qualities with lucidity—a characteristic not equally present in all:

> There on the darkened deathbed, dies the brain
> That flared three several times in seventy years;
> It cannot lift the silly hand again,
> Nor speak, nor sing, it neither sees nor hears.
> And muffled mourners put it in the ground
> And then go home, and in the earth it lies,
> Too dark for vision and too deep for sound,
> The million cells that made a good man wise.
> Yet for a few short years an influence stirs
> A sense or wraith or essence of him dead,

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Which makes insensate things his ministers
To those beloved, his spirit's daily bread;
Then, too, that fades; in book or deed a spark
Lingers, then that, too, fades; then all is dark.

The disturbed mood of modern consciousness which views the problem of death and life after death with all the traditional awe and yearning, yet is profoundly troubled by the conceptions of science, now grown to be a part of it, has not been expressed with more power and daring of imagination than in this and kindred sonnets of Mr. Masefield's.

THE SONG OF HUGH GLASS. By John Neihardt. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1915.

Mr. Neihardt is a poet of the realistic school who not unworthily challenges comparison with John Masefield. The correspondence between the two poets is close, even to the manner in which the prose phrase, the arresting bit of realism, is deftly and deliberately inserted —the " dying fall " of a prose sentence set against the upward lilt of a lyric passage. Yet in the work of Mr. Neihardt there is no suggestion of imitation. In theme and phrasing his poem is quite original. Here is a verse from Mr. Neihardt's heroic narrative poem of the era of the American Fur Trade, *The Song of Hugh Glass:*

He saw a bison carcass black with crows,
And over it a welter of black wings,
And round about, a press of tawny rings
That, like a muddy current churned to foam
Upon a snag, flashed whitely in the gloam
With naked teeth; while close about the prize
Red beaks and muzzles bloody to the eyes
Betrayed how worthy struggle was the feast.

Vigorous, more vivid than a material picture, sinewy in style—the structure of speech not sacrificed to the requirements of descriptive art—this verse is as effective as a passage from Stephen Crane's unforgettable war-picture, *The Red Badge of Courage*—and it is poetry. Throughout the poem the same high level of excellence is maintained, through varied effects—not all, by any means, startling in nature. After reading Mr. Neihardt's poem through, one feels that one has been well played upon: the mind has been variously thrilled, and one cannot withhold admiration. Those who are athirst for " the true, the blushful Hippocrene " will not here find wherewith to quench their thirst; but they will have the pleasure of reading a narrative poem that is both powerful in expression and highly effective in its treatment of a genuinely interesting theme.

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THE MAN AGAINST THE SKY. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

The poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson is distinguished from most contemporary verse, not merely by a superior, a more genuine, simplicity but also by a real elevation.

The elevation which impresses one in such poems as "The Man Against the Sky" is due first of all to the intellectual power displayed in them. There is thought here, one sees, not merely mood —and with it a sense of the exaltation that comes of successful intellectual striving. But the elevation is also a matter of expression. Mr. Robinson's style not infrequently attains to something of that felicity of expression which may be the highest virtue of prose as well as of poetry. Mr. Robinson is one of the few moderns who have a sense for language, for power and beauty of idiom as well as for melody and for imagery. There is to be sure a certain difficulty, almost amounting to obscurity, in the longest and most important poem in the volume—the title poem. But if there is obscurity, it is an obscurity due to compactness of expression and swift transition of thought—not at all to any vapory quality of thought. Each one of Mr. Robinson's cleanly sculptured phrases challenges attention; each melodious sentence rouses the mind to alertness by an appeal to the aesthetic sense. This poetry does not merely lull and narcotize; it makes thought musical.

Mr. Robinson, it is true, does not quite attain to greatness; his verses lack the sense of completeness and finality; but he unquestionably attains to distinction.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PROS AND CONS OF PROHIBITION

SIR,—Turning from the article on Prohibition by Mr. Hutchins Hapgood, in the March *Forum*, to that of Mr. L. Ames Brown in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for March, I am impressed with the thoughtfulness and moderation of the one last-named and the almost puerile cocksureness of the other.

Mr. Brown, regarding the subject from the viewpoint of a Washington correspondent, recognizes the fact that the question of prohibition compels our consideration, and that "saloonism," wherever it is in operation, is an evil which should be and is being reduced to the minimum. His contention is that it would be unwise and un-American, "unnatural and impossible," "to make a clean sweep of drinking by a single change in law."

Mr. Hapgood approaches the subject with the question-begging insistence that "the cause of prohibition indicates an underlying fanaticism which is never present in the most enlightened communities." He regards prohibition as an "unmixed evil," and, unduly alarmed, beholds it rearing "its ignorant head in the spectacular foreground of our political and social life."

Ignoring Mr. Hapgood's unwarranted assumption that communities operated under prohibition are less enlightened than those in which the saloon flourishes, and that ignorance is behind the movement for prohibition, what shall be said of a writer who, at this late day, coolly declares that "drunkenness is *much more* the result of crime, poverty and disease than the cause;" that, aside from the reforming influence on the saloon, the prohibition movement "has worked, and continues to work, evil:" and that "the saloon, in one form or another, will exist, and ought to exist, until the work of all of us freely expresses what is best in us" [whatever that may mean!].

Turning from this question-begging plea for the reforming influence of the saloon, let us consider the serious purpose of the writer in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, namely, to question the Americanism of the prohibition movement.

We in Iowa who have gone through all phases of the question of Prohibition vs. Personal Liberty can scarcely refrain from smiling at the persistency of the academic theory of Personal Liberty. You recall the Scotchman's exhortation to honesty as the best policy, admitting that he had tried both policies and knew what he was talking about! We in Iowa have tried both policies: locally-licensed personal liberty, and State-wide prohibition; and, last January, after more than twenty years of ineffectual attempt at regulating the saloon, and after mature deliberation and exhaustive discussion, we returned to the policy of State-wide prohibition. The

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results of the change are everywhere apparent, in increased savings, re-established credits, better-provided and happier homes, and a more responsible citizenship.

The writer in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW fears "the influence of religious institutions," deeming them hostile to the fulfilment of America's destiny. I am at one with Mr. Brown in deploring the *dominance* of religious institutions; but I see everything to gain from the *influence* of those institutions upon society and the State. I am not an "orthodox" churchman, but I heartily wish our religious institutions were more thoroughly aroused to the vital questions of the hour, such as child labor, better schools, equal rights of women and men in business and before the law, and the protection of society and the home from the dominance of the saloon.

Mr. Brown pleads for the "robust tone" of our national character, achievable, he reasons, through resistance to temptation. He apparently favors a prohibition of the indiscriminate sale of narcotics, but insists on the distinction that "one results in disintegration of character and a measure of disgrace, while only the loss of self-control involves these results in the use of intoxicants."

It would not be difficult to prove that the loss of self-control inevitably leads to "disintegration of character and a measure of disgrace," and that society and the State are vitally interested in removing from the weak the temptations which undermine self-control and so undermine the home, community-life, and the effectiveness of the ballot.

JOHNSON BRIGHAM.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

BRYAN AND THE ONE-TERM PLANK

SIR,—With a great deal of interest and pleasure I have read your "Wilson and a Second Term." Noting one remark therein to the effect that in the 1912 campaign the one-term plank of the Baltimore platform was not mentioned by a speaker—Republican, Progressive, or Democrat—I am writing you with an idea that you might be interested in the following incident:

In the late October, 1912, at Clarksburg, West Virginia, where I was conducting the Clarksburg *Exponent*, a daily paper that I established there in the spring of 1910, I heard W. J. Bryan speak.

Bryan spoke for fifteen or twenty minutes. I was struck with the emphasis with which he dwelt upon the one-term plank. Indeed, a large part of his speech was devoted to that subject.

Saying that it was a foregone conclusion that Woodrow Wilson would be elected, he stated that the country was fortunate, and was to be congratulated, as Mr. Wilson's administration would be an ideal one; that being unhampered, by reason of the one-term plank of the Baltimore platform, by politicians seeking a second term for him, thereby keeping themselves in office, Mr. Wilson would be in a position to give to the country a degree of patriotic service that had not been enjoyed by the people for years; that Mr. Wilson would not be tempted to act, in office, in a manner that he and his friends would consider would be sure to give him a re-election. Mr. Bryan declared, without any qualification, that the Democratic candidate was committed to holding only one term. His remarks were such

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that there could be no doubt in the minds of his hearers of the fact that he (Bryan) felt absolutely certain that Mr. Wilson would not again be a candidate for the Presidency.

The question is: Does Mr. Bryan still entertain the views he so emphatically expressed at Clarksburg, West Virginia, in October, 1912?

RALEIGH T. GREEN.

CULPEPER, VA.

THE PRESIDENT AS A JUDGE OF MEN

SIR,—Your February number, which I find on my desk this morning, reminds me that it was my intention to write you after having read "England Today," in the January issue.

I felt then, and continue to feel, that it is my duty to tell you how very strongly I was moved. Regularly there come into our house the *Nineteenth Century, Contemporary Review, Punch, Illustrated London News,* and *Life,* as well as other publications. In them I have read everything worth reading relating to the war, and I have to say that your article made a deeper impression on me than anything else on the subject I have read. It was graphic, illuminating, tragic, and a whole lot more—and most intensely so.

I must now also tell you how very greatly I have enjoyed your fun with Bryan and Daniels. It was uproarious.

To a certain extent you are Wilson's godfather as an office-holder, so I may tell you that I started out with a very high appreciation of him. But the weak point in Wilson's make-up, it seems to me, is that he is a poor judge of men. Bryan, Daniels, and now Brandeis, as well as many others, all testify to a fearful lack in this direction.

ADAM HANNAH.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

CRITICIZING A CRITIC

SIR,—Does it not seem to you that a critic, in estimating the value of a work of art, should pay some heed to the opinions of other critics concerning the subject under discussion? I have reference to Mr. Gilman's review, in your March issue, of Enrique Granados's opera, *Goyescas,* recently performed at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Gilman remarks of Granados that "his is a fifth-rate musical mind"; but other critics do not agree with him—Mr. Granados has been much praised in high critical quarters, and his music has evidently given pleasure to many writers on music. Evidently, either Mr. Gilman is very ignorant or very wise; my private conviction is that he is the former. If Mr. Granados has a "fifth-rate mind," Mr. Gilman's is surely a sixth or seventh-rate one.

MIGUEL ALBANIZ.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

[It is difference of opinion, in the view of Pudd'nhead Wilson, that makes horse-races. We are sorry that our correspondent found his opinion and that of various critics concerning Mr. Granados's opera unsupported by the music-critic of the REVIEW. But criticism would be dull reading if all critics used the same rubber-stamp. Moreover, we doubt if the general

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culture would be advanced if a critic, finding himself at odds with the majority view, should prefer conformity to independence.—EDITOR.]

A PLEA FOR GRAVITY

SIR,—Permit me to protest against the manner in which your musical critic discusses Signor Granados's opera, *Goyescas,* in the March number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Mr. Gilman might at least have treated this work with seriousness, instead of discussing it with the ill-timed levity which you yourself, Mr. Harvey, so frequently and unbecomingly bring to the discussion of affairs in your editorials. Every other critic in New York discussed this opera with the seriousness which its merits demanded. Even if your critic did not admire the opera, he might at least have treated it respectfully. He is probably one of those would-be cynical old fogies whose dried-up hearts can no longer respond to the appeal of beauty and sentiment.

The REVIEW is sometimes inexcusably frivolous. Why can't you be serious once in a while?

PERCY C. LA SALLE.

NEW YORK CITY.

[In a world somewhat liberally stocked with solemn asses, our imputed frivolity (which we are far from admitting) should deserve a more thankful response than the above.—EDITOR.]

ALAN SEEGER'S "REVIEW" POEM IN FRENCH

SIR,—THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW recently published a poem by Mr. Alan Seeger, an American serving in the *Légion Etrangère,* entitled "Champagne, 1914-1915." I showed this to a number of my friends, and one of them, Monsieur Georges Saint Paul, a member of the French Supreme Court, has translated it into rhythmic French. It may be interesting to you and to Mr. Seeger to see these beautiful verses in French dress. At any rate, I know it will be agreeable to both of you to learn the pleasure these lines have given to Frenchmen of taste.

M.

PARIS, FRANCE.

CHAMPAGNE, 1914-1915

Dans les joyeux banquets, dans les fêtes heureuses,
Quand les fronts rayonnants s'éclairent,
Quand les verres dorés s'irrisent
De ce doux vin de France, où se sont concentrés
La lumière du ciel et la beauté du Monde;

Oh, buvez quelquefois, vous dont les pas encore
Peuvent fouler en paix les sentiers de la terre
Si chers à parcourir,
Aux braves dont le sang, versé pour le devoir,
Sanctifia le sol d'où naquit ce breuvage.

Ici, ensevelis par les mains dévouées
De quelque camarade, ils dorment pour toujours
Tout le long de nos lignes, là où ils sont tombés,

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A côté du cratère de la Ferme d'Alger,
Au penchant des côteaux sanglants de la Pompelle,
Auprès de la cité fière des tours augustes
De son antique cathédrale,
Qu'ont osé profaner les ennemis du Beau;
Ou bien dans les tapis de fleurs multicolores
Qui revêtent les champs crayeux de la Champagne
Eclatants au soleil.

Sous les petites croix qui se dressent là-bas
Repose le soldat. Maintenant, près de lui
Sans troubler son sommeil, le canon peut gronder
Et dans la nuit profonde il dort paisiblement
Sous l'éternelle fusillade.

Pour que d'autres générations
Puissent, dans les jours à venir,
Délivrées de l'opprobre et des sombres menaces,
Posséder à leur tour un plus riche héritage
De bonheur et de liberté,
Il a marché sans crainte au martyre héroïque.

Jugeant d'un moindre prix la rançon qu'il paya
Que l'honneur de hausser son drapeau triomphant
Sur les tours de la liberté
De sa poitrine il fit un rempart invincible,
Et son sang remplit le fossé;

Héros du sacrifice obscur
Sur la tombe sans nom que ne décorera
Ni l'art du statuaire, ni le vers du poête,
L'été fera rougir les fleurs de ses pavots
Et l'automne viendra répandre
L'or de la vigne mûrissante;

Là, ceux qui feront la vendange
Et *récolteront la moisson*
Marcheront d'un pas plus léger,
Et porteront allègrement
Le poids des corbeilles d'osier:
Bénissant sa mémoire, en chantant au travail,
Dans l'oblique et chaude lumière
De la fin des beaux jours d'octobre;

Il m'est doux de penser que si mon sang vermeil
Avait cet heureux privilège
De couler où le sien coula,
Je n'aurai pas du moins disparu tout entier
De la surface de la Terre,
Mais qu'à l'heure joyeuse où le festin s'anime
Celle où l'on porte les santés,
Quand brillent les visages et qu'éclatent les rires,
Dans la coupe où le vin pétille,
Un peu de ma substance, une vive étincelle
S'en ira déborder vers ces lèvres aimées;
Qu'un jour, si tendrement les miennes ou pressées;

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Ainsi, nul ne saurait convoiter en son cœur
Une plus radieuse et brillante chimère,
Et du fond même du tombeau,
Tendre les bras, pour les étreindre,
Vers des rêves plus chers, espoirs de la jeunesse,
Rêves déçus, mais que peut être
Un jour eût vus réalisés;

Et cet ardent désir qui toujours s'élança
Vers la beauté terrestre en ses multiples formes,
Sans être jamais satisfait,
Non pas même la mort ne peut le détacher
Des contours adorés dont il était épris.

Hélas, combien d'élus à qui la vie, à l'aube,
Offrait ses plus belles prémisses,
Combien ont péri là, dans l'ivresse première
De tout ce qui séduit, et couronnés des dons
Qui font que l'on conquiert et que l'on est aimé;

Honorez les, non point par des fleurs et des larmes,
Vous en qui s'accomplit le destin des heureux,
Tandis que dans l'angoisse et dans l'horreur suprêmes
Ils élevaient là-haut leurs dernières pensées
Et que se refermaient déjà leurs yeux mourants.
Mais plutôt, quand résonne une tendre musique
Et dans le bruit joyeux d'une belle assemblée,
Alors, vous souvenant des hommes qu'ils étaient,

Portez leur en silence un toast mystérieux.
Buvez à eux, buvez: en leur amour fervent
De la terre bénie,
Ils ne demandaient pas de plus charmant tribut;
Et dans le vin mousseux qui mûrit au sillon
Où pour toujours ils sont tombés,
Comme pour un baiser tendez vers eux les lèvres.

HYPHENS AND ALIENS

SIR,—"The Hyphen Must Go," in your March number, says we have "hundreds of thousands of aliens of other nationalities who refrain from naturalization." Why did not you name the chief offending nationality, which is English? We real Americans know that the proud (?) boast of the immigrant Britisher is that he always remains a Britisher. Why he should brag about this is one of the many British peculiarities we can never hope to comprehend.

The hyphenated citizen is all right. This writer is one. For nearly thirty years he has been one. He didn't know it was a hyphenated citizenship until the pro-Ally press called his attention to it, as if it were a sort of dubious national standing. But he is not disturbed by the cry of this false press, which represents much smoke and little flame. He knows that in his hyphency he is a member of a great and numerous body of Americans—100,000,000 of them; and that while he may be more recently a "hyphen" than some of them, still he knows, too, that this is like consanguinity, merely a matter of degree of relationship among those of the

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"blood"—a taint on one being a taint on all. The citizen-of-the-hyphen is all right.

But it is the alien who remains in this country, and remains an alien, who is all wrong; who is an evil among us; whose teachings, by example, are pernicious in the extreme. "The hyphen must go," said your editorial. But you did not mean what you said. The hyphen means American citizenship. No alien can use the hyphen unless he becomes a citizen. Without citizenship, he remains unhyphenated, naturally. Therefore, your editorial would have been correctly headed had it said: "The *Alien* Must Go." This is, no doubt, what you intended. For this writer is a hyphen, as he said above, and he will not "go." For, even if he desired to "go," it is not clear that his wife and five children, all born in the United States, would consent to his departure, even to accommodate that small portion of the electorate who would gladly like to see the country depopulated of all who are not in sympathy with the hypocrisies of the British.

J. P. McGee.

McAlester, Oklahoma.

REFERRED TO EVERY AMERICAN

Sir,—I have recently read with the greatest approval the article by the editor of the Review on "England Today." I am writing to find out whether or not there is any probability of this article being published separately in pamphlet form, as I think it should be. I wish every American voter could have a copy to read.

Wilbur B. Marple.

New York City.

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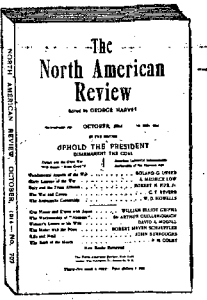

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

K. K. Kawakami
is a native of Japan. Having graduated from the Tokio College of Law, he became a contributor to the leading periodicals, and, for a short time, was an associate editor of the "*Yorodzu,*" a daily newspaper published in the capital. He was a member of the Imperial Japanese Commission to the St. Louis World's Fair, and prepared the official report on that exposition. He was appointed a Fellow in Political Science in the University of Iowa, and for some time he attended the University of Wisconsin as a student of political economy and colonial politics. His published writings include: *American-Japanese Relations, Political Ideas of Modern Japan* and *Asia at the Door.*

George Bronson Rea
is owner and editor of *The Far Eastern Review,* a publication he founded for the avowed purpose of defending the "Open Door." His grasp of international politics led to his selection by Dr. Sun Yat-sen as adviser to the Chinese National Railway Corporation. He was recently awarded the grand prize for the best plan for a national system of railways for China.

William S. Rossiter
is a graduate of Amherst College. He was Chief Clerk of the Census and Chief of the Publishing Division from 1904 to 1909, when he resigned. His publications include *The Population Problem of Vermont,* and *A Century of Population Growth in the United States.*

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H. M. Hyndman,
Chairman of the Socialist Party in England, is the founder of the Social Democratic Federation and member of the International Socialist Bureau. Throughout his long life since his Cambridge days he has been active in speaking and writing to secure amelioration of social conditions. His writings are numerous and include volumes on *Economics of Socialism, The Record of an Adventurous Life,* and *The Future of Democracy.*

Edouard Julhiet,
Captain of Artillery in the Army of France, is now on leave visiting the United States. Captain Julhiet is a graduate of the *École Polytechnique* of Paris, and his work, besides that of engineer, has included banking. He is a writer on economic subjects and has won distinction for himself in his several activities.

William Alexander Percy
is a new contributor to the Review. He is a graduate of the University of the South and of the Harvard Law School. His first volume of verse, *Sappho in Leukas and Other Poems,* was recently published by the Yale University Press.

Algernon C. Swinburne
was born in Pimlico, 1837, and died in Surrey, 1909. Although a student at Oxford University, he left without taking his degree, but was distinguished throughout his life for his mastery of the Greek and Latin languages. As author his many learned essays gave him a place among the prose masters. As poet his "unrivalled rythmical genius," it was hoped, would win him the laureateship. His familiar works are *Atalanta in Calydon, Poems and Ballads, Astrophel and Other Poems,* and *Mary Stuart.*

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch
has held the King Edward VII. Professorship of English Literature at Cambridge University since 1912. A prolific writer, there being some thirty and more volumes to his credit, his notable work as an anthologist is indicated by *The Oxford Book of English Verse, The Oxford Book of Ballads,* and *The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse.*

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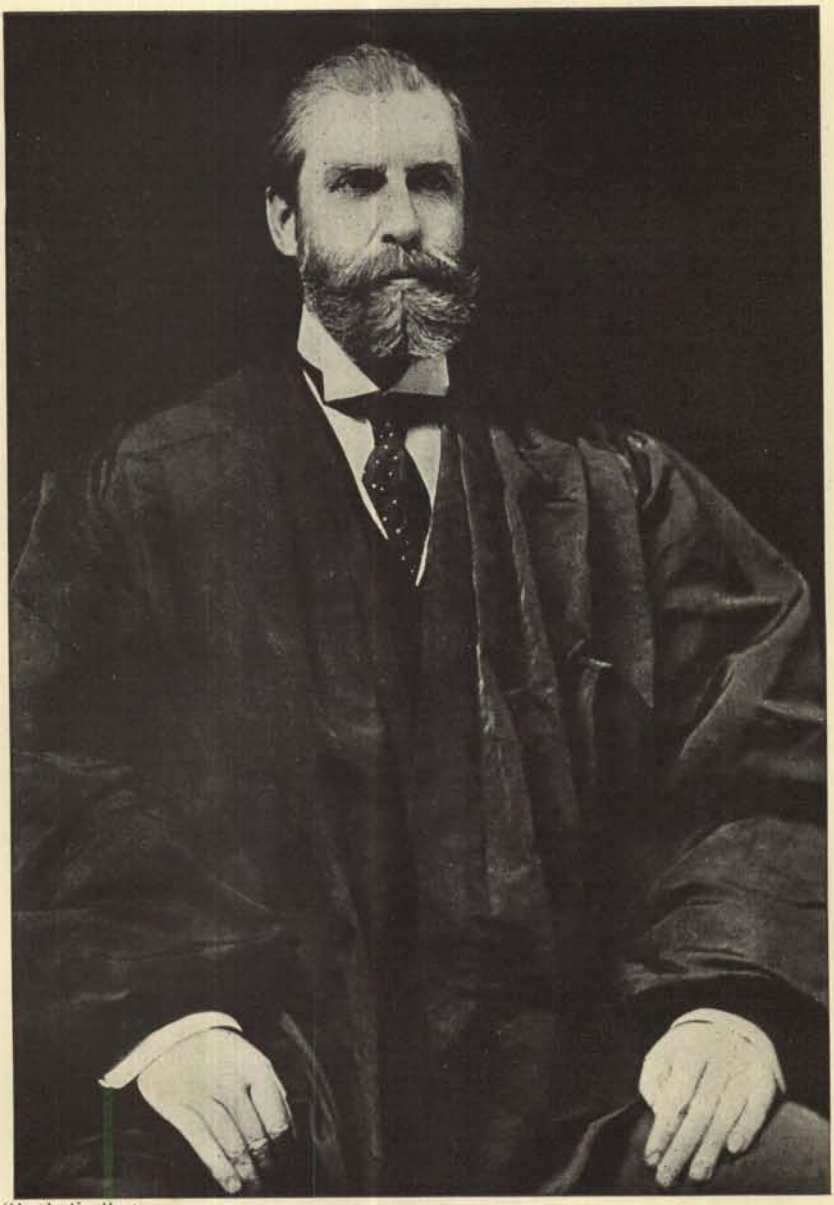

(C) G. V. Buck

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

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